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CONTENTS**COLUMNS****MaleCall 8**

Letters from our readers

DrumMedia 14 Video Reviews

Video reviews by Christopher J. Hogan

Techniques 19 "Chicago's Leather Scene"
by Jack Rinella

If your passion is leather, Chicago is one place where you can find your heart's desires.

FEATURES**Shower Sports 10**

Photos from the Drummer Archives

Wet & Wild 23

Photos of International Mr. Drummer 1996

Cover Story 28 Water Sports

"Soaking It In" Scott O'Hara and "Piss Virgin" by Dan Guida

The Heat Is On 32

Firehouse fantasies to make your hoses squirt.

Mr. Drummer Contest: A Visual Fantasy 36
by Butch/WDC**Playing Hardball 42**

Photos from Close-Up Productions

BOOK SECTION**Book Reviews by David May 61****First Timer, A True Story 65**

Fiction by Hanes32

Cop Sucker 69

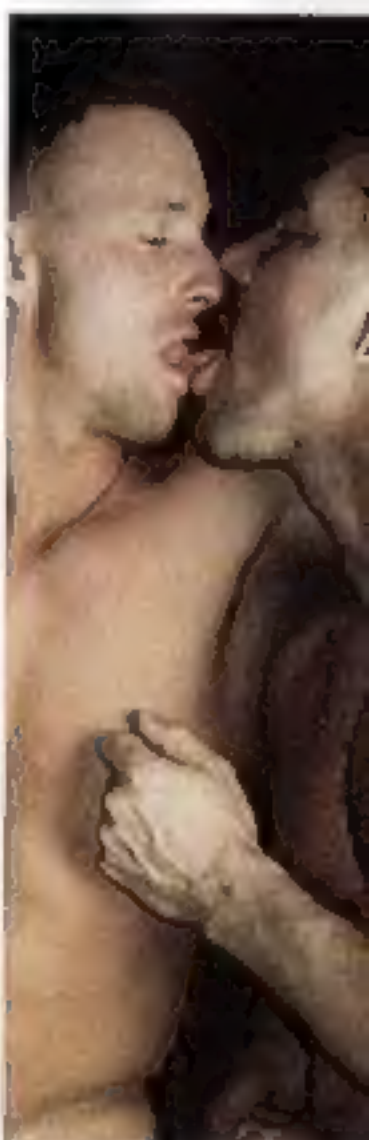
Fiction by ButchWDC

The Recycling Center 73

Fiction by Fledermaus

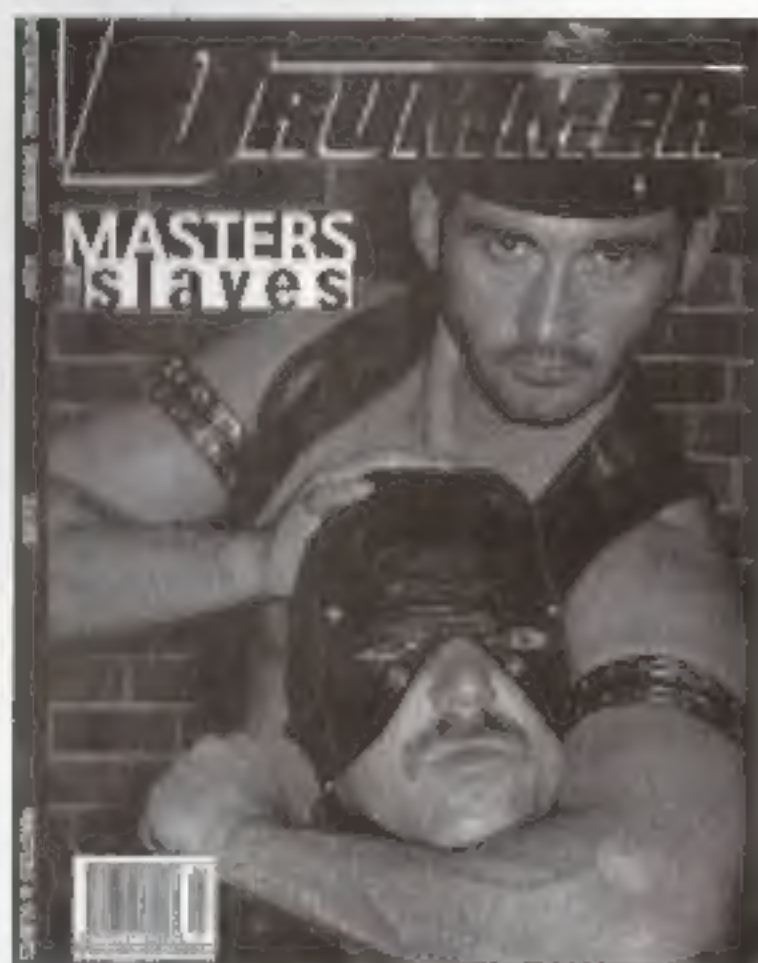
DEPARTMENTS**DrumBeat 53****Classifieds 79**

Make contact on the Drummer Tough Line.

Calendar 200 97**Opinion 99**

On the cover and contents page:
Photos by Jeffrey Burton

MALE CALL



Studly Master and Slave

The fantasy photo spread of Jack and boy Stice, International Master and Slave 1995 (International Drummer #194 White Trash Cop) is hot, hot, hot. It is great to see manly men like these two within the pages of Drummer.

BC

Northampton, MA

Photos On The Edge

It had been a long time since I've seen any of Mark Chester's images in your publication. Unless I am mistaken, the last time you ran his images was Drummer #182. (Working Stiff). I always appreciated the edge that Mark maintained in his work, especially in a time where more and more artists are being censored. Do you plan on showing any more of his work.

MM

Madison, WI

ED. Actually, Mark Chester has just come out with a new book entitled "Diary of a Thought Criminal" which is being released here in San Francisco. We hope to run images from this book. With an afterword by writer/activist/sex radical Pat Califia, the book can be ordered from: Mark I. Chester, POB 422501, SF, CA 94142.

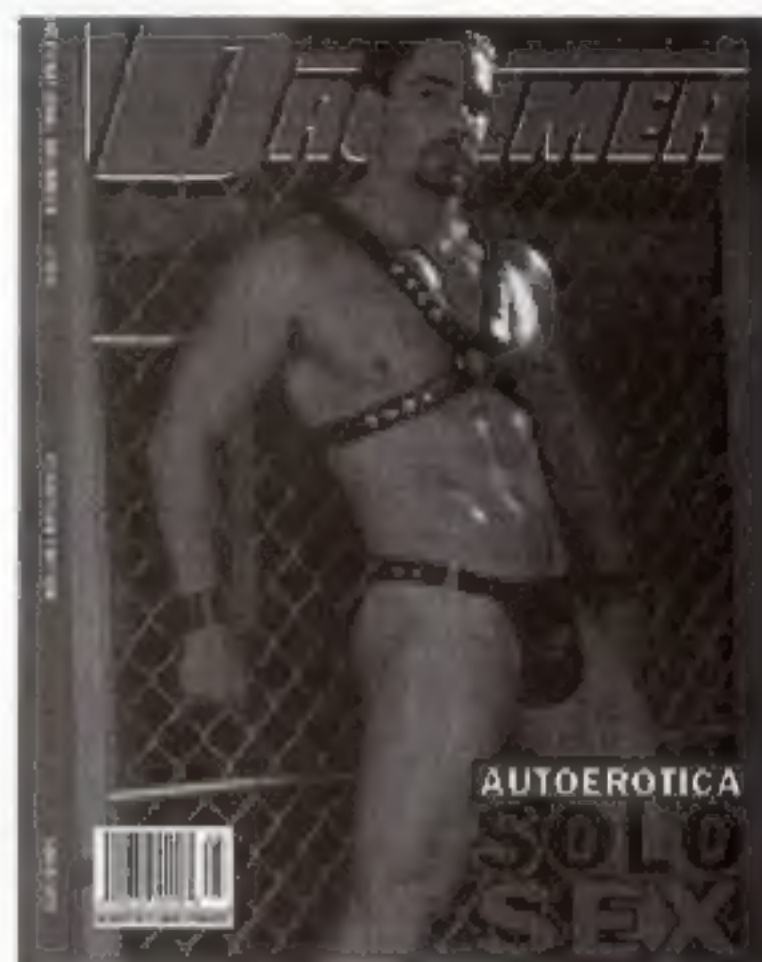
Smokin!

At around the time you must have been planning your smoking fetish issue (International Drummer #195, Puff On A Big One), we were planning what has become Cigarmen UK. Great mind, huh? Drummer is kinda difficult to get hold of here, so we had no idea you were planning an edition on smoking, though as soon as we found out about it we got a friend in Amsterdam to post us a copy (Customs tend not to open things addressed to "Mrs.") (John speaking) I personally have had an interest in smokin' men from a very early age. This rapidly became intertwined with my interest in SM. I've been a member of other UK groups, but didn't seem to fit in. Almost by



accident, a group of cigar smokers with interests similar to my own ended up sitting talking one evening. The consensus was that we wanted a group for gay and bisexual men who were turned on by cigars/cigarettes, the men who smoke them and the heavier side of sex. Hence, Cigarmen UK was born. Currently we publish a newsletter, meet on Sunday afternoons from about 4 p.m. at The Anvil (88 Tooley St., London) and have regular private parties. If there's anything else you'd like to know, whether it's more about Cigarmen UK, our stories - or whether we fuck

on the first date (we do!) we can be contacted at: Cigarmen UK, 5 Waveney House, Rye Hill Estate, London, England SE125 3JA or cigarmenuk@vault.posnet.com.uk or http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/vault_bbs
John Nichols and Steve Craftman
Cigarmen UK



Sex and Art

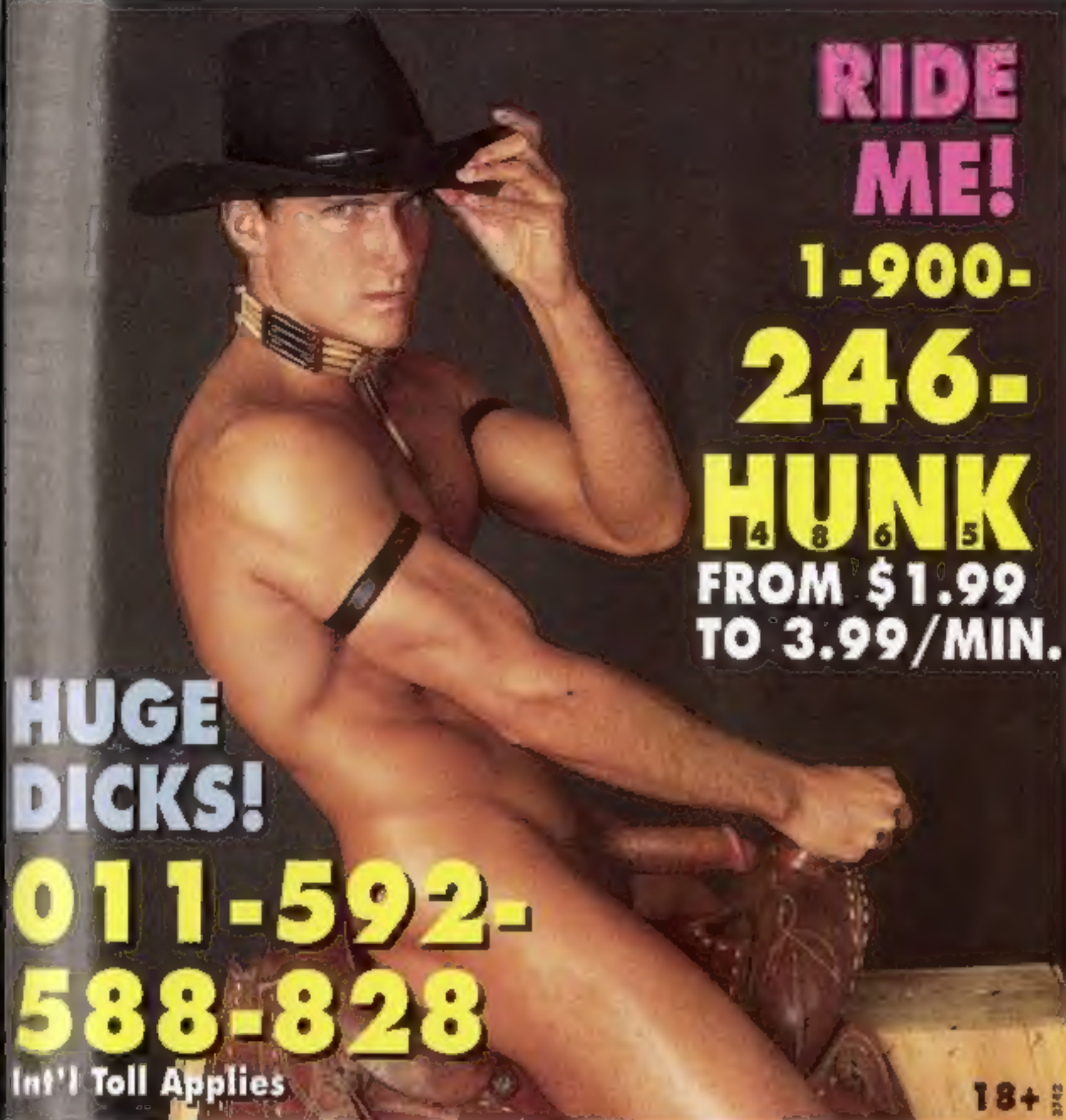
It is great to see the art of Beau Lee James featured in Drummer (Featured Artist, International Drummer #196, Solo Sex). For those as turned on by Beau's work as I am, your readers might like to know that there are hot, SM stories behind each of those drawings and that Beau has been my featured artist since March of 1993. I consider Beau to be my discovery... but that's a lurid tale best left untold... let's just say it has to do with a crowded back bar and the lights off... If any of your readers are interested in reading these stories together with accompany art by Beau, they should feel free to contact me and I will send them free information on books and magazines that feature more art by James.

Jeb

Publisher

Metropolitan Slave

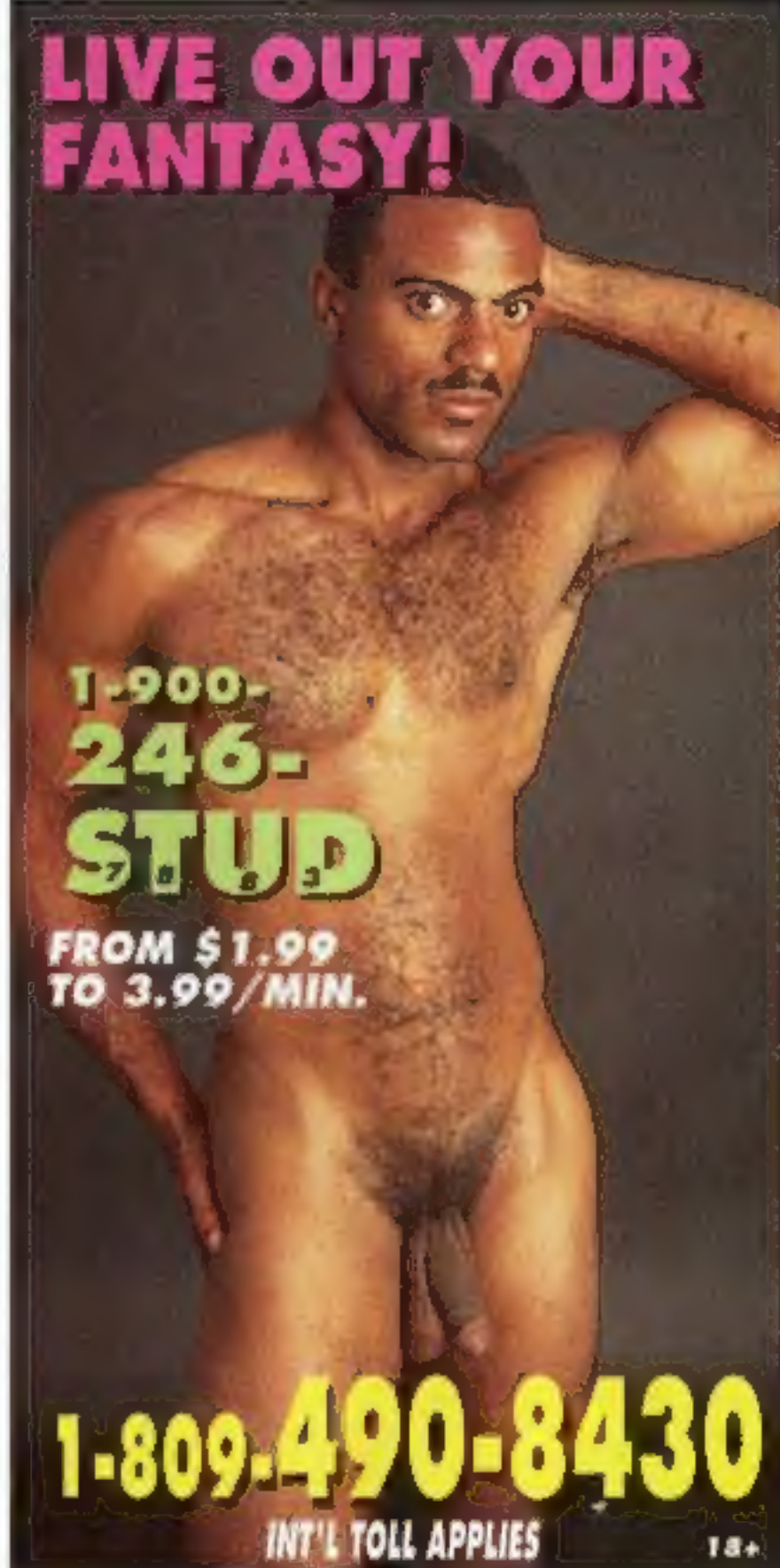
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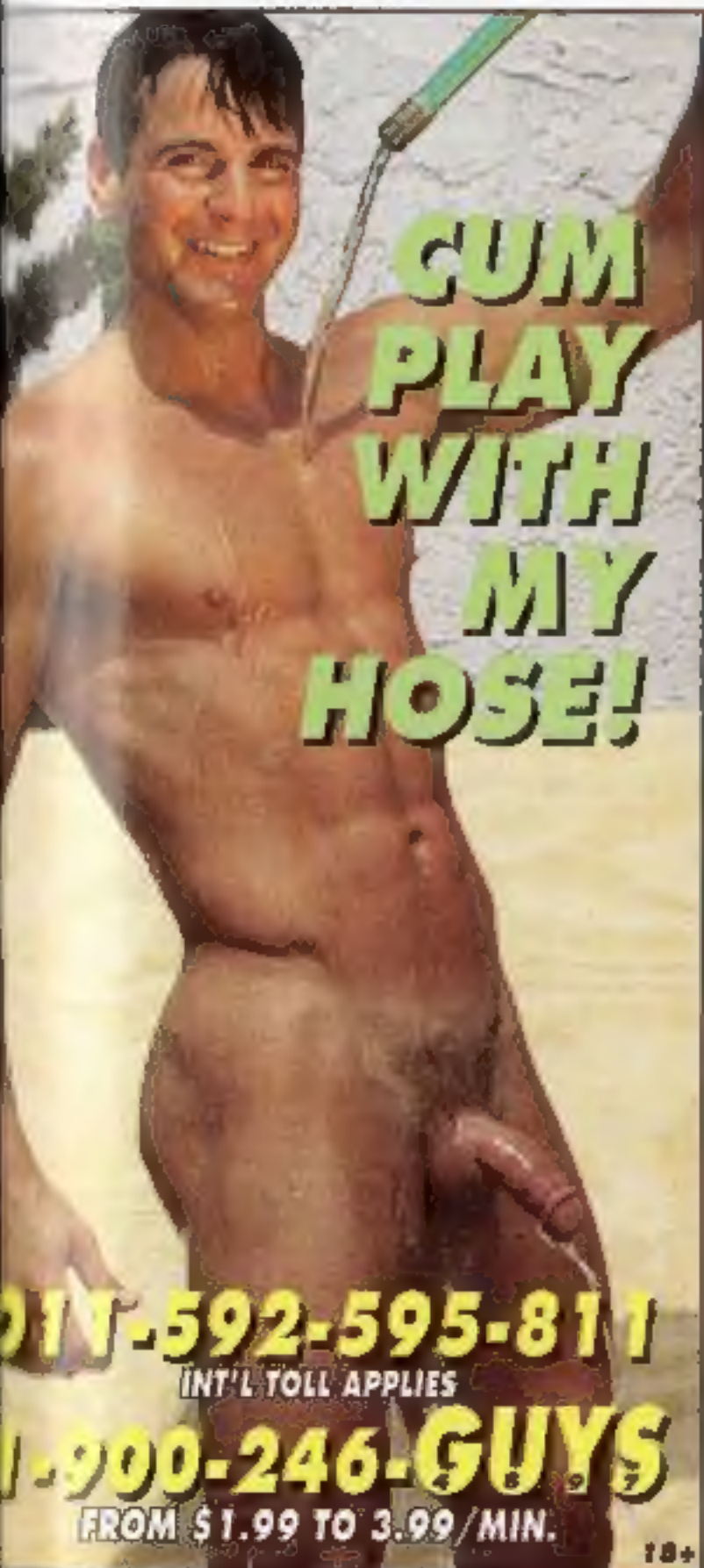
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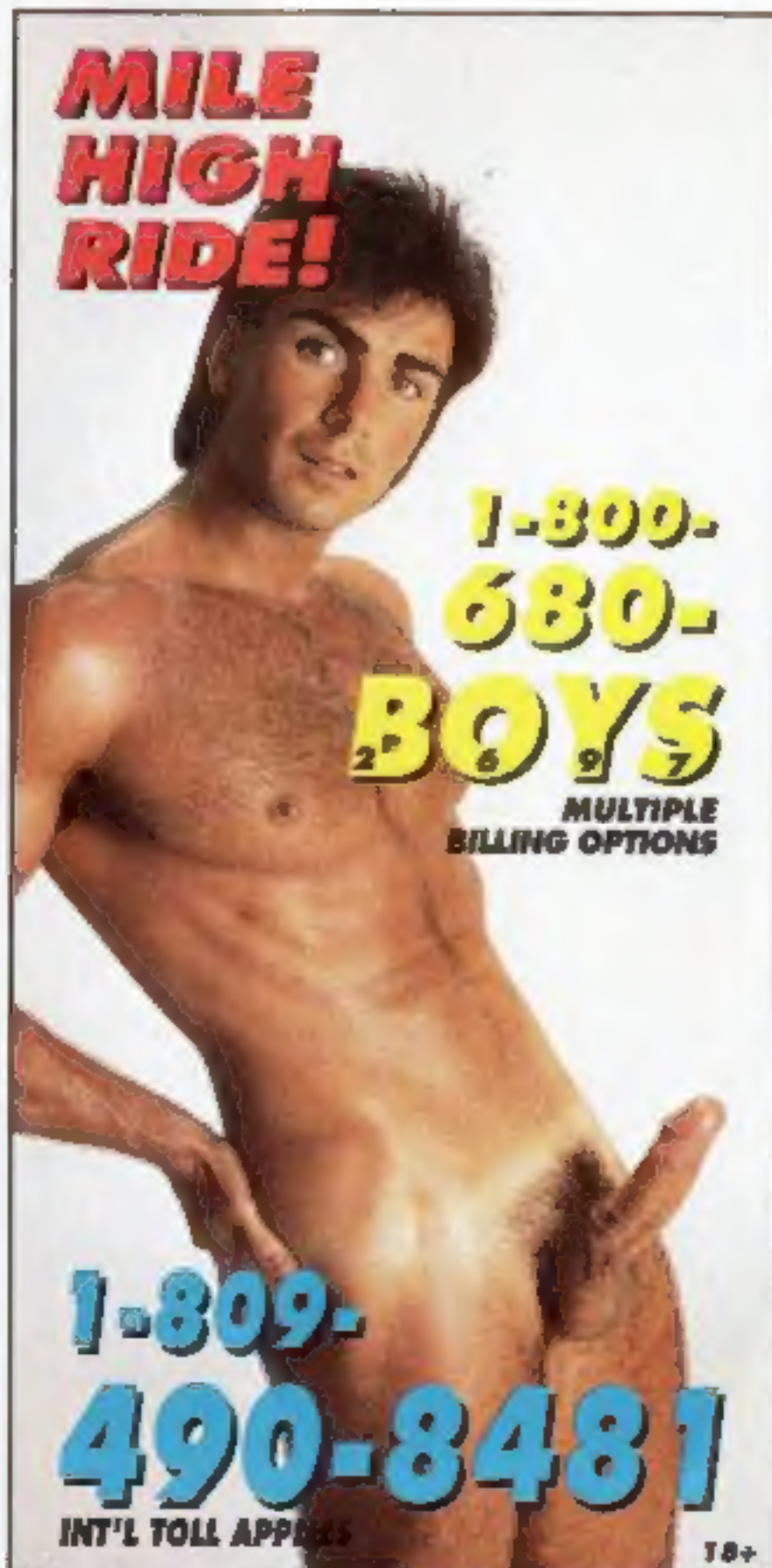
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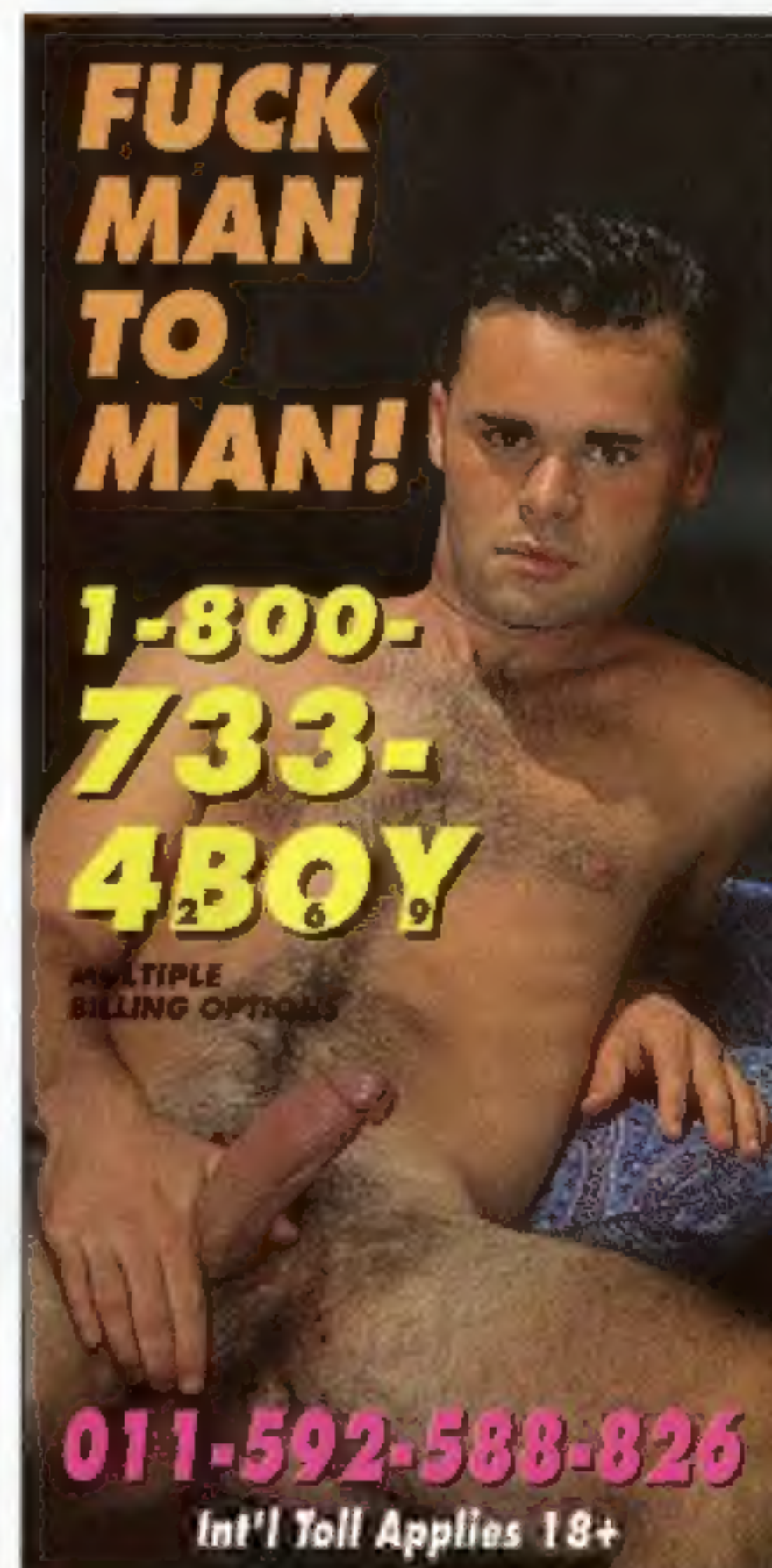


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SHOWER SPORTS



Photos from the Drummer archives





SHOWER SPORTS

INTERNATIONAL DUBLIN 2001



Porn Reviews

BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

Driven: No Turning Back

Falcon Studios. Directed by John Rutherford. Assistant director: Jeff Russel. Videography by Todd Montgomery. Edited by Delta Productions. Starring Eric Stone, Tom Chase, Steve Cannon, Alex Girard, Jake Taylor, Joshua Sterling, Tony Cummings, Justin Bailey, Jordan Young, Rod Scott, Rob Harris, Marc Calles, John Ferage, and Mike Youens. To order write Falcon Studios, P.O. Box 420750, San Francisco, CA 94142-0750, call 800-227-3717 (in California, call 415-431-7722), or visit the Falcon website at <http://www.falconstudios.com>.

John Rutherford is certainly one of the best directors making gay porn these days. His work is very popular with the "mainstream" consumer of dirty videos,

but it often includes stuff that is anything but vanilla. (Three words: orange traffic cone.) *Driven: No Turning Back* is not Rutherford's best video but does contain his trademark mix of high-quality, standard sex scenes and pure raunch.

The first scene in the film is a dream sequence. Super-cute Alex Girard is fantasizing about being dominated by his hunky next-door neighbor, Eric Stone. We don't get enough of this mild but intriguing SM segment. It's too short, and the cuts to Girard in bed make the scene too choppy. Girard shoots a load just lying there with his hand nowhere near his penis, something that is extremely rare in pornography. Babalicious Girard then appears in the next two scenes (both of which are basic vanilla porn.) Next comes more of the same without Girard but featuring instead Jordan Young and Tom Chase, two fine looking young boys.

The fifth scene is where the raunch-o-meter goes into the red zone. Girard sees several leather boys going into Stone's house, and his imagination gets the best of him. He fantasizes that these guys are engaged in a heavy fisting scene, so that's exactly what we get to see. Steve Cannon and Marc Calles, the two bottoms in this fisting orgy, are amazing.

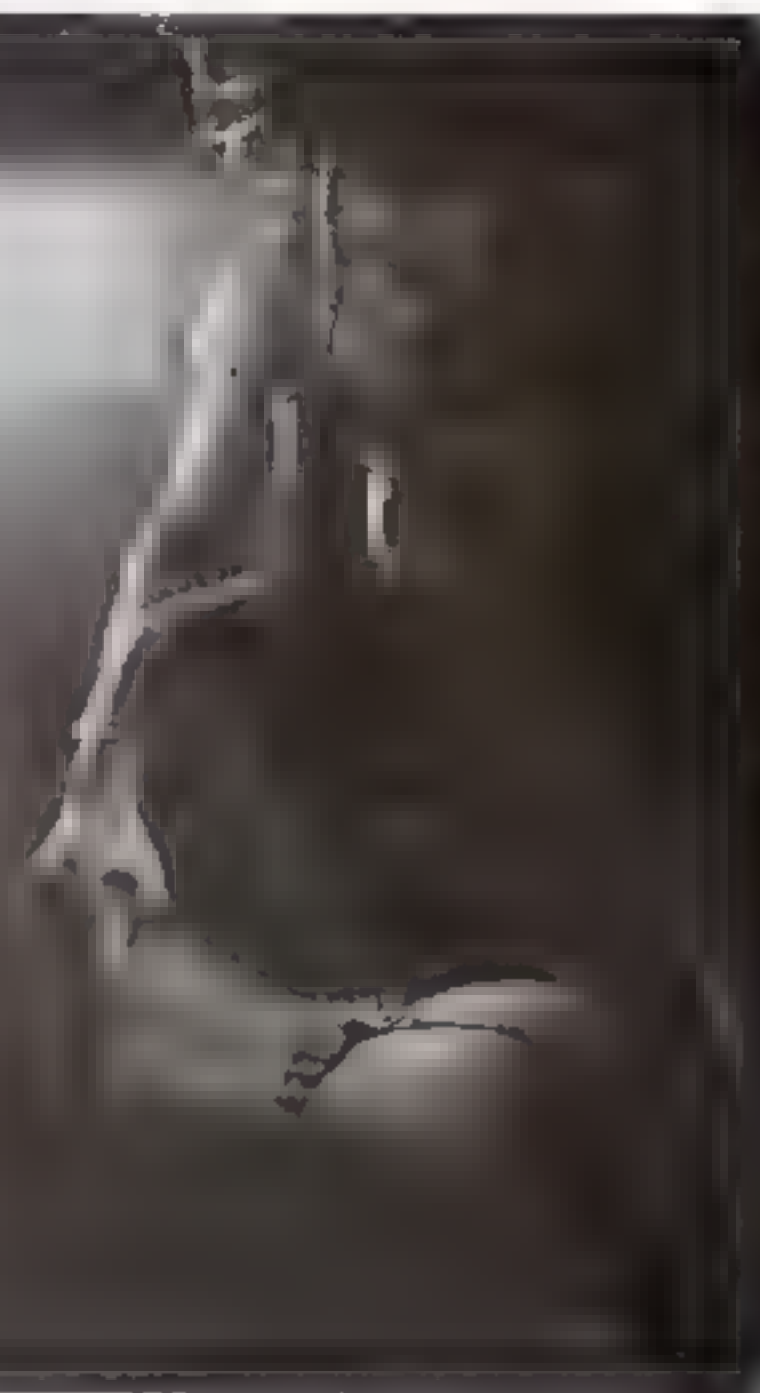
Cannon shrieks, but he is able to take huge dildos and then Rob Harris's hand up his butt. Calles doesn't even flinch as John Ferage repeatedly pounds his asshole with full fists. You have to see it to believe what Cannon's butt can take.

The last two scenes of *Driven*, including the supposedly climatic coupling of Stone and Girard, are a bit disappointing after the down-and-dirty leather scene. Stone (whom Falcon is hyping big time as a "Falcon Exclusive") turns out isn't such a big SM daddy after all. He seems to do well enough in the sack, but after seeing Girard's fantasies, you would think he'd be let down by the rather boring routine Stone goes through. Still, Girard is a fantastic bottom and rising porn star, so he throws himself into the scene and gives a terrific performance.

River Patrol

*Titan Media. Directed by Bruce Cam. Assistant directors: Cliff Parker, York Powers, and Michel D'Amours. Videography by Bruce Cam. Edited by Tab Lloyd. Starring Cliff Parker, Michel D'Amours, Sean Rider, Bill Zackary, Rusty Samuels, Tom Turrell, Max Holden, and York Powers. To order call 800-360-7204 or visit Titan Media's website at <http://www.titanmedia.com>. Director Bruce Cam has hit a home run for Titan Media with *River Patrol*.*

While the sex in this video never gets truly raunchy, it goes as far as vanilla porn can go while staying safe. More importantly, the guys are handsome, masculine and really horny. The filming is beautiful and well edited. Cliff Parker



Above and right: Images from Falcon Studios' "Driven: No Turning Back".





From Titan Media's "River Patrol".

York Powers play brothers who own and jealously guard a large tract of land along a river. They have hired a group of gorgeous men to catch and punish any other gorgeous men who trespass on their property. While this "plot" is pretty thin, it does create some interesting power dynamics that Cam then subverts.

The first segment is really a series of scenes between Parker and York. It seems that Parker is slacking off on his guard duties and his big brother York gets out to punish him. Let's face it: incest may disgust us if we think about our own siblings, but seeing two brothers go at it is hot. York is definitely in control of this scene and is the "top" in that sense, but he not only fucks Parker, he is also fucked by his "little brother." Parker is the perfect example of a man who tops from the bottom. He loves getting screwed, and he doesn't give up any power when he takes it up the ass. This sort of thing in sexual roles happens throughout River Patrol. When Rusty Samuels catches Bill Zackary on the forbidden land, he takes him to a barn to be punished. The scene starts with Samuels spanking Zackary and ends with Zackary fucking Samuels.

River Patrol is a terrific (if somewhat standard) porn video, and you won't

have to search to find it. Unlike truly sleazy stuff, this video should be available in any store that sells or rents gay porn. So, if you can't get your hands on anything more hard-core, or if you want a gentler, kinder night at home, this would be an excellent selection.

Night Walk

HIS Video. Directed by Michael Ninn and Gino Colbert. Written by Michael Ninn. Produced by Jane Hamilton. Executive producer: Antonio Passolini. Camera by Barry Harley and J.S. Brosman. Starring, Simon Delo, Chad Connors, Dino DiMarco, Will Clark, Rip Stone, Mack Reynolds, Kevin Dean, Kurt Houston, Dane Tarson, Christopher, Lucas Cheryl,

David Thompson, Paul Brazil, Brian Maxx, Cliff Parker, Gio Romano, Jeanna Fine, Karen Dior, Jon Dough, Blue Blake, Hank Hightower, Ryan Block, Max Stone, J.T. Sloan, and Rob Cryston. To order write HIS Video, 9650 DeSoto Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311-5012, or call 800-458-4336 (in CA call 800-621-2682).

MTV has finally made its way into gay porn. It's amazing that it took so long. Night Walk is one long, mediocre, over-produced music video. It's so caught up in being "arty" that it ultimately fails to be sexy. To be fair, Night Walk is the perfect porn video to play in a bar or at a party. It's fun to look at but not too engaging. You could still talk with folks around you and not miss anything. If you do see Night Walk, do yourself a favor, press mute, and turn on some good music. The sound track largely consists of really cheesy narration delivered in a nearly unbearable style.

As a jack-off video, Night Walk just doesn't work. There are far too many special effects and camera and editing tricks for us to get a good look at the sex. The enormous cast includes some of the hottest guys in the business, but they are wasted here. Most of them don't have much to do, and the sex they do

perform is very dull. At several points, things could get really interesting. For example, there's an interesting scene in a night club with, among other things, women imitating Marilyn Monroe, but they exist only as icons. We never get to see every fag's fantasy, Marilyn having gay sex. HIS Video clearly spent a huge amount of money on Night Walk. While it's nice to see porn production taken up a notch, it's too bad that the product isn't any better. ■

From HIS Videos: "Nightwalk".



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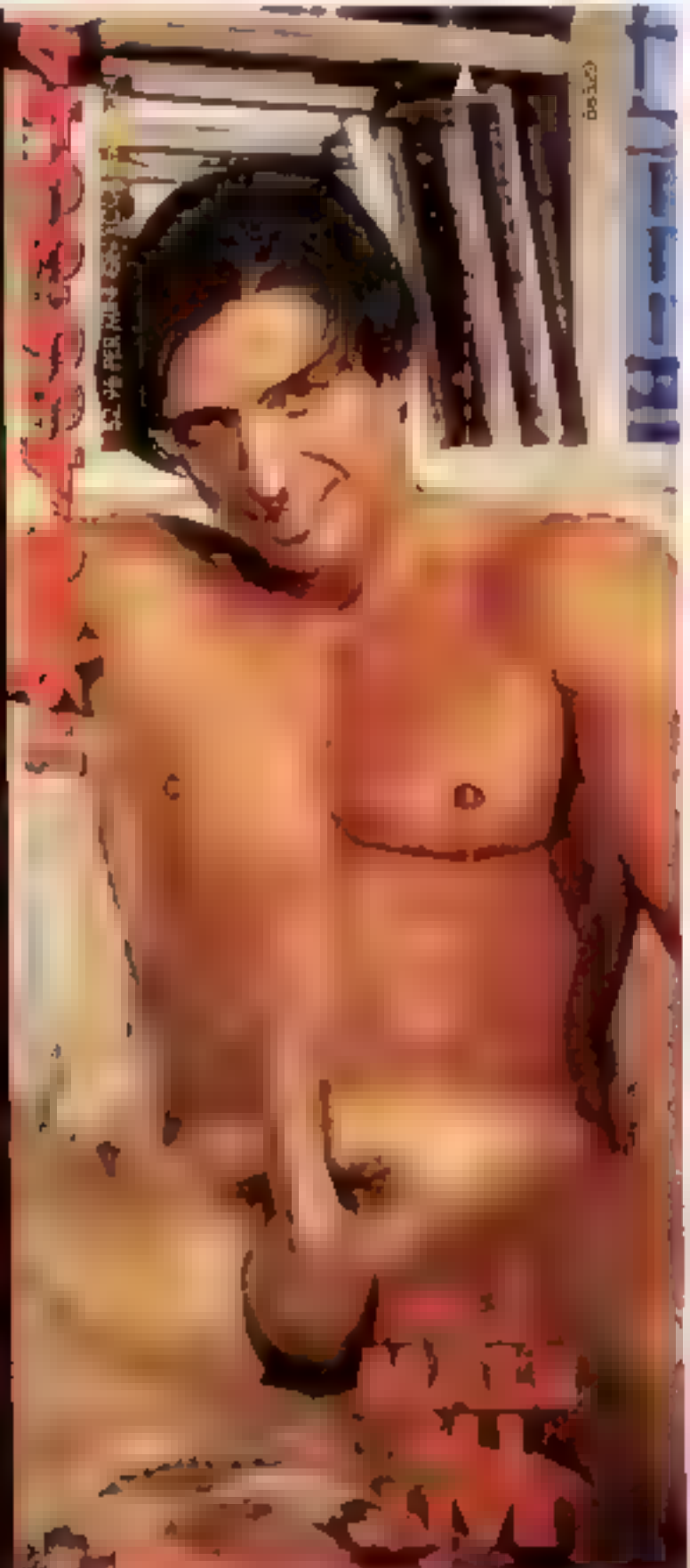
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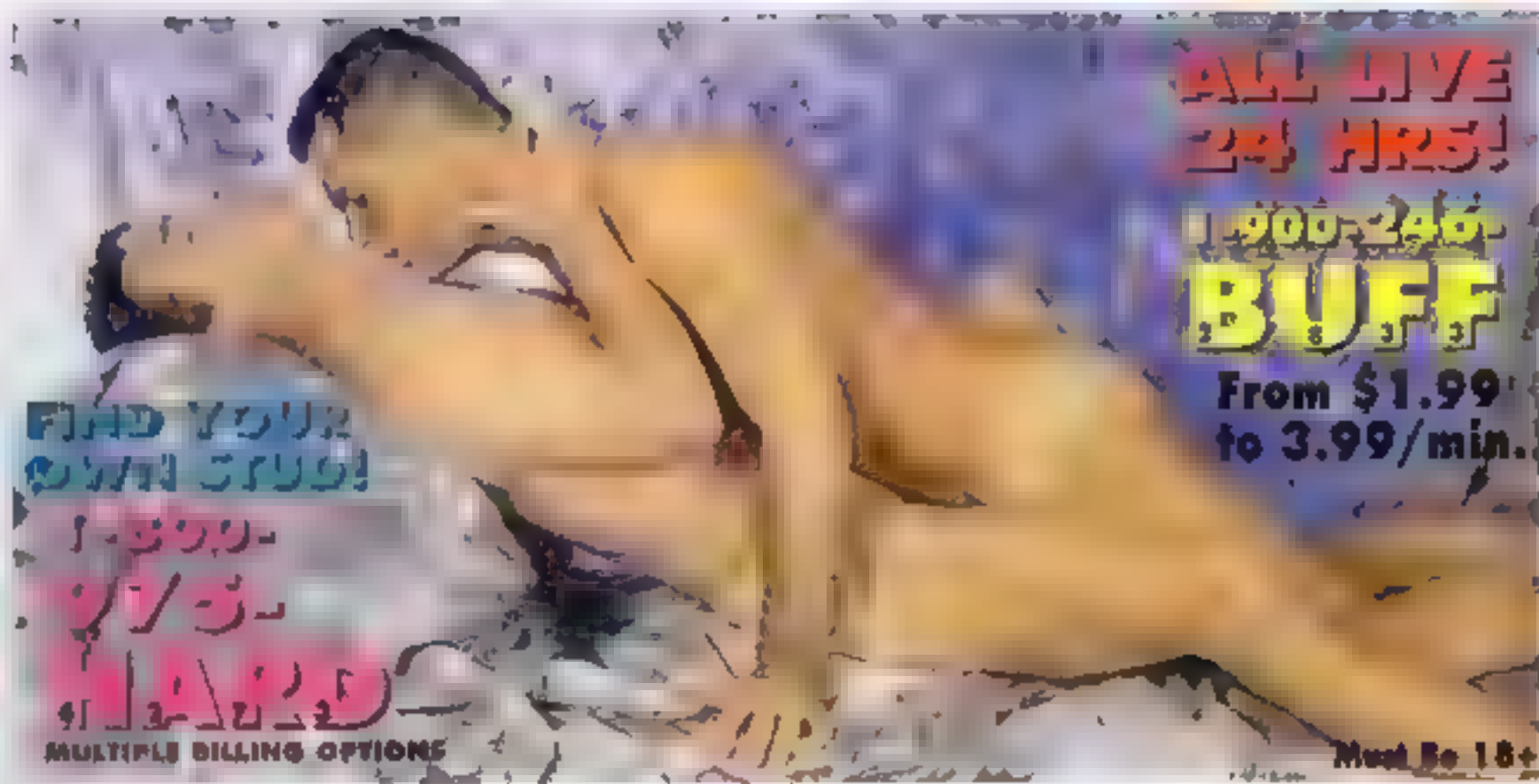
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Chicago's Leather Scene

BY JACK RINELLA

Between grassy, tree-filled Lincoln Park on its East side and the rolling farmlands on the West, Chicago is one of the places where you can find your heart's desires — especially if your passion is for leather.

Here leather is more than an accessory or a fashion statement. Leather is rooted in our history, our climate, and our play. Chicago is home to leather's legends: The Gold

ends have passed into history, you can still see their relics in the Leather Archives and Museum.

The Archives is home to memories of the good old days and includes extensive memorabilia from around the world. It contains art and photography, posters, pins, club news, and publications that span the continent, the years, and the hides we all cherish.

Today, Chicago has five bars that cater to a leather clientele and they're always a good way to meet the men in the scene.

The Manhole hosts a younger crowd, often called preppie and sometimes despised by the traditionalists among us. The Manhandler is a mixed crowd with no obvious dress code, but a great back patio.

Touche's carries on its leather tradition of parties, contests, and after hours night-caps. Tales still circulate about late night happenings in its back bar. Its north side location puts it at a distance from many of the more centrally located bars, but a trek to Touche's is still a common occurrence, and still well worth it.

Our newest addition to the bar scene is The Cell Block. Its central location in the heart of Boystown makes it easier to get to. The Cell Block is real leather, home to several clubs, and hosts regular fetish nights, such as "Ash Wednesdays" and "Fetish Fridays." Once past the front bar, complete with pool table, music videos, and a dance floor, you'll need real leather, latex, or a uniform to join the crowd in the back. There, the dress code is serious.

Continuing The Gold Coast's rich heritage, Chuck Renslow and family run the popular Chicago Eagle. Here you can see Etienne's fine murals that once adorned the Gold Coast and a poster history of past IMLs. Like The Cellblock, you'll need to pass a weekend dress code to get into "The Pit," a basement bar reminiscent of the old Gold Coast days.

Some things haven't changed



IML 2nd Runner Up Antonio Sanchez of Spain, also Mr. Drummer Europe

much in Chicago. We still have three gay bath houses (Man's World, Man's Country, and The Unicorn). They're quieter than they used to be, and still hard to find if you don't know where they are. But even a stranger can get to them if he wants.

From one of the oldest leather clubs in the world, The Chicago Hellfire Club, to one of the newest, ONYX, a club for leather men of color, we Chicago leathersmen know how to party. CHC, now celebrating its twenty-fifth year, is host to the world famous Inferno, an invitation-only run that is so large it's held in two parts. Hidden in the countryside of Southwest Michigan, Inferno attracts leathersmen of experience, dedication, and commitment. And they're there to have fun!

Chicago's leather activity is more than just a night at the bars or baths. Our club scene is strong and presents an opportunity for every fantasy in the book.

The Rodeo Riders are into traveling and good times. Their western/leather themes are just as much a part of leather Chicago as the whips and racks of our local dungeons. And if cowboys are your cup of tea, make it to Chicago's Charlie's, where the leather and country music crowd will show you a foot-



International Mr. Leather Joe Gallagher from New York City

Coast, International Mr. Leather, the club of Etienne, the Chicago Hellfire Club, Touche's, and Male Hide leathers. Even if a few of those leg



IML Weekend: 1996 Mr. & Ms. Deaf Leather: Cool Cat from Chicago and Daniel Sonnenfeld of San Francisco

stompin' good time.

The Windy City Bondage Club is the largest leather club in the city and they are the most active of the men's clubs. They host regular bar nights, monthly parties with lectures on the finer points of restraint. They're a group that is easy to get in touch with and members are quick to invite you to be their guest or join. Though still not wide open, the Windy City Bondage Club is less restricted than more traditional clubs.

Listing aficionados have M.A.F.I.A., Mid-America Fists In Action, There's Girth and Mirth, the Great Lake Bears, Enigma for the enigma fetish crowd, and Chest Men. Like the man said, "You can get anything you want in Chicago."

The national clubs are represented here as well: Leather United and the National Leather Association both have active chapters.

Chicago's leather scene isn't just limited to the gay men. The Chicagoland Discussion Group,

though predominantly a hetero group, welcomes people of any sexual orientation. They host a monthly open forum where men and women share experiences and information. There are other monthly meetings, closed to the public, where we can assume they do more than talk. For the curious, CDG is a good place to start.

Continuing a long tradition of education, the Hellfire club hosts a monthly SM University at the Chicago Eagle. Leather United presents monthly seminars and the Cell Block's fetish nights are a good place to hear about a wide variety of leather activities.

If an evening seminar isn't enough, Selective Publishing (Metropolitan slave Magazine) and I host a Master & slave Training Institute in downtown Chicago.

Chicagoans, of course, don't have to go out of town to party. Five leather bars, 15 leather and fetish-related organizations, and thousands of GDIs (god damn independents) afford us plenty of places to be, people to meet, and things to do. Sure the Mr. International Leather Contest, held every Memorial Day Weekend, is the most rocking of our events, but it's really only the high point event in a city that calls itself the "Leather Capital of the World." Why even our O'Hare Airport becomes a full leather show as hun-

dreds of leather men and women converge on the Windy City for the world class IML.

If you think boasting like this earned us our nickname, come and see the action that backs up our words. And when you do, remember that a trip to the Windy city isn't complete without a visit to Male Hide Leathers. One of Chicago's leather landmarks, Male Hide used to be housed in the basement of the Gold Coast. Fortunately it survived the Gold Coast's demise and has become a local Mecca.

Male Hide carries all the toys, clothes, and accessories one can imagine, including a basement full of restraints, dildoes, paddles, and SM paraphernalia. Its first floor is filled with jackets, boots, chaps, vests, in an assortment of materials. Besides leather, there is plenty of spandex, latex, and levi. In a similar vein but more oriented to the straight sex market, are two other shops: Cupids and Pleasure Chest. They both offer a wide variety of sex toys, videos, and clothes, proving that Chicago is the place to shop.

Believe me, there's more than wind in Chicago. Come and find out for yourself what a leather town we really are. ■

Cell Block Names Project Fundraiser, from left: David, Joe Murray, Roger, Tico Valle



Where To Find It

Leather Bars

at Block
N. Halsted,
Chicago, IL 60613
312-8064

Charlie's Chicago
1726 N. Broadway
Chicago, IL 60613
312-871-8887

Chicago Eagle
5015 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL
60640
728-0050

Manhandler
1 N. Halsted St.,
Chicago, IL 60614
371-3339

Manhole
N. Halsted St.,
Chicago, IL 60657
75-9244

le's
N. Clark St., Chicago, IL
60640
65-7400

Men's Country
N. Clark St., Chicago, IL
378-2069

Men's World
N. Clark St., Chicago, IL
728-0400

Unicorn Club
N. Halsted St., Chicago, IL
929-6080

Clubs

Chicago and Discussion Group

3023 N. Clark St., Suite 806,
Chicago, IL 60657
312-281-1097

Fraternity of Enema Buddies
c/o Frank Ball, 1316 W.
Winona St., Chicago, IL 60640

Girth and Mirth
POB 14384, Chicago, IL 60614
312-776-9223

Great Lake Bears
POB 578840,
Chicago, IL 60647
312-248-7507

The Hellfire Club
POB 5426, Chicago, IL 60680
312-486-2435

M.A.F.I.A.
(Mid America Fists In Action)
POB 2230, Chicago, IL 60610
312-579-1336

Men of Rubber
Studio R, 3023 N. Clark St.,
Suite 201, Chicago, IL 60657
312-506-8747

Leather United
POB 138058, Chicago, IL 60613

ONYX
1340 W. Irving Park Rd., #188,
Chicago, IL 60613

The Windy City Bondage Club
312-769-1001

Stores

Alcaza's Western Wear
1733 W. Chicago Ave.,
Chicago, IL 60622
312-226-0152

Cupids
3519 N. Halsted,
Chicago, IL 60657
312-348-3884

Eagle Leathers
5005 N. Clark St.,
Chicago, IL 60640
312-878-3474

House of Whacks
4017 N. Damen Ave.,
Chicago, IL 60618
312-761-6969

Male Hide Leathers
2816 N. Lincoln,
Chicago, IL 60657
312-929-0069

Pleasure Chest
3143 N. Broadway,
Chicago, IL 60657
312-525-7151

Miscellaneous

The Leather Archive
and Museum
5007 N. Clark St.,
Chicago, IL 60640
312-275-1570

Master & slave Training
Institute
c/o Selective Publishing
POB 4597,
Oak Brook, IL 60522
630-986-8550

International Mr
Leather Contest
5015 N. Clark St.,
Chicago, IL 60640
800-545-6753

*Jack Rimella is a master, a journalist
and a member in good standing of
the Chicago leather scene.*

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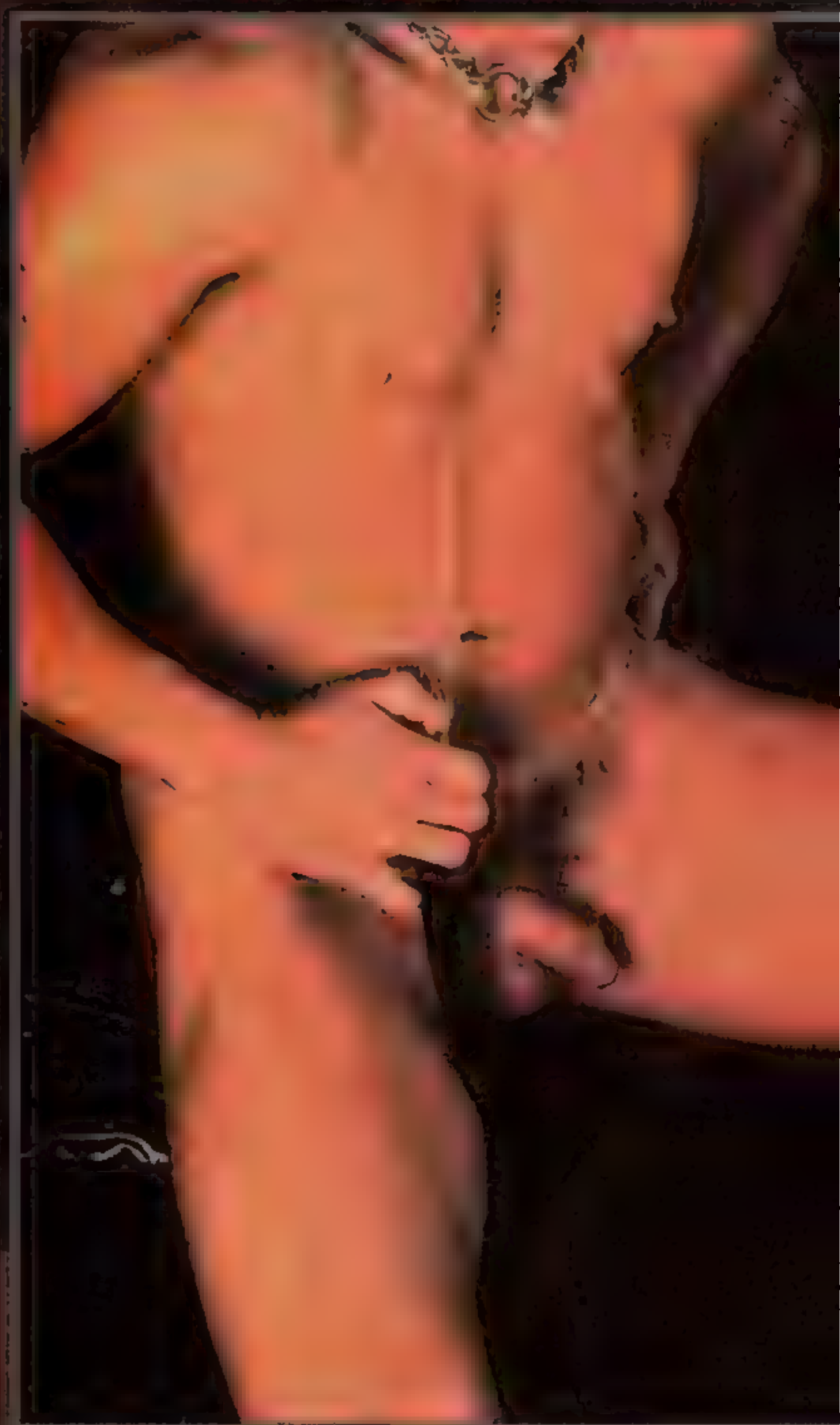


WET & WILD

Photos of Kyle Brandon,
International Mr. Drummer 1994,
by Jeffrey Burton



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WET & WILD



Soaking In It

ultimate sexual fantasy and these are strong ones coming from someone who is known for such things — is of bringing a man home who fucks me, tenderly but firmly; who goes inside me, then pulls out and pisses on me. Without asking; without saying “Let’s go into the bedroom;” without any consideration for the bed-sheets or the mattress. The source of my craving for this comes, I think, from the sense of breaking free from the bonds of civilized society, the Pleases and Wants Behind Your Ears and Under Your Deodorants. When I meet a man who doesn’t care what these artificial measures apply to him — well, I probably won’t ask him to move in with me, but I would destroy the romance quicker than anything I can imagine, but I’d definitely try to see him again. And I wouldn’t wash the sheets immediately.

Cleanliness has never been one of my ideals. A healthy body has smells; a physically active body has dirt on it. My gut produces gas, and when I fart I don’t find the smell offensive. A dick naturally gets dirt on it when it’s in an asshole, especially mine (which is notoriously difficult to clean), and I see no reason why that should make me squeamish about





...cking it, or about stains on the
... Natural body odors and prod-
ucts, right? Nevertheless, there are
... prohibitions against all of
them. Piss is maybe a little less of a
... bad ... wetting the bed is
... a major article of shame for
many men. And I bought into it for
many years.

Like most children, I was taught at
an early age to keep a tight rein on
my bladder. Throughout my teenage
years, those sphincters were closed up
tight, I was downright paranoid about

letting go: peeing at public urinals
was virtually impossible, especially if
there was a line waiting — like, say, at
a football game, or a play, though
playgoers were less likely to intimi-
date me than jocks. I would stand
there, holding my dick, heart pound-
ing, going red in the face, knowing
that if I walked out of there without
peeing, everyone would be staring at
me knowingly. The Boy Who Can't
Piss . . . and besides, the moment I
walked out the door, I'd need to go
even worse than before. These occa-

sions were agony for me.

There have been a few times in my
adult life — about ten, at best guess —
when I've started up in the middle of
the night, panic suddenly cutting off
the flow from my dick. Each time, it
was preceded by a prolonged dream
of peeing: a piss that continued so
long, it had the intensity of an
orgasm. Once, this happened in
another man's bed. That, I admit, was
extremely embarrassing. We didn't
speak about it in the morning, though
he could hardly have missed the

soaked mattress; but I never saw him. I had transgressed, gone beyond the boundaries of the social contract without permission.

When I got out in the gay world, it didn't take me long to find men who wanted to piss on me. It turned me on. I eagerly drank it. Then they always wanted me to reciprocate. I tried, really I did, but nothing came out. Again, there I stood, embarrassed. It was years before I learned to relax those inhibitions enough to let go.

Some of my favorite "practice sessions" have been associated with the open road. There was the time, eight years ago, when I was motorcycling around the country, and I was approaching Port Townsend, Washington, where I had the temporary use of an apartment; I knew I wouldn't have to stop for gas in the next two hours of the ride, and I was feeling, how shall I put it, "at one with the road," so when my bladder started sending signals, I decided that I wouldn't stop.

Now, this is supposed to be a very Hell's Angels thing to do, pissing while riding — and I'm not that sort of rider. It took awhile for my conscious willpower to overwhelm my unconscious inhibitions. Every time I'd come close to pissing, my body would clamp down again — and the feeling of those sphincter muscles tightening was dangerously close to an orgasm. For twenty or thirty miles, it went on: I'd get close, get to that uncontrollable stage where you're sure you can't hold it back anymore, the piss would start down the tube . . . and then those muscles would clamp down, and I'd sort of space out for a few glorious moments. Okay, it wasn't a sterling example of good driving habits, but it was lots of fun. And when those muscles did eventually relax and let go, wow, I don't think I've ever known anything to feel so good. The pressure . . .! Soaked my entire left pantleg and sock, got the bike all wet, and when I'd let loose with an especially strong burst, strong enough that I could see it bubbling

out through the jeans and running down the outside, some of it would get caught up in the wind, and blow up into my face. Bliss. It could only have been improved if I'd had someone riding behind me who could've gotten as much fun out of it as I did.

The next year, driving cross-country again, I had a van. A '64 Chevy van, with vinyl seats. Like a lot of long-haul drivers, I spend a lot of freeway time jerking off; and this time, I decided I was going to cum when I was in the middle of the bridge across the Mississippi River. Hey, you gotta do something to make the miles pass. And, as usually happens shortly after I shoot a load, about five minutes later I knew I needed to empty my bladder.

Well . . . I'd already made the steering wheel sticky; why not see if I could wash it off? It wouldn't hurt the seats, or the rubber mats on the floor. So I held my dick straight up with one hand, and waited. This time it didn't take quite as long as it had on the bike: having dick in hand gives the subconscious a little reassurance of familiarity, the knowledge that things are at least partly under control, that the piss isn't just going to go flying any old place. (And that's why pissing hands-off is such a charge for me, I suppose.) And I was becoming a little more relaxed by this time. It didn't take long. I washed off the steering wheel; then I aimed it up at my face. If I pinch off the piss-tube for a moment, I can get a truly spectacular fountain when I let go: I think I hit the ceiling of the van, and drenched my shirt and hair. And I was laughing like a crazy fool: it felt so damn good, so right and proper, to christen my van in that fashion. Pissing, even more than the cumload I'd shot just a few minutes earlier, established it as mine. Dogs have known this for eons.

After this experience, the floodgates opened. I suddenly realized the potential depths that could be plumbed in my psyche by just a stream of yellow. Living in the country, when I needed to piss at night, I'd just step outside

and let fly wherever; on warm days, when I was working outside, I'd either just piss in my pants or take my dick out and spray it up onto myself. The sun would dry me soon enough. No, it really wasn't the same as having someone else do it to me; but the negotiations were easier. I dreamed of meeting another man with a similar lack of inhibition, a stud who would feel no hesitation about pissing on me across the table as we're having dinner; I yearned to live in a house that smelled like a urinal. I guess I'm a pervert, huh? Well, stop the presses.

I'm unlikely to ever find that particular ideal, the man without inhibitions, who doesn't observe the social conventions of politeness. (And if I did meet him, could I tolerate his other "uncivilized" habits?) But I would love to have a bed that's covered with stains, that conveys silently to any visiting trick the assurance that it's okay to let loose here, others have done it before you. I want to lie down on my stomach, and then feel his hot stream hitting my back, my ass, my hair; I want him to leave me soaking in it. Having done that, I suppose he could do most anything he wanted next: fuck me, beat me, spit on me, recite his poems, or just walk out. He would've realized my primary fantasy, and it would be difficult for him to top that.

It actually happened to a friend of mine — at least, so he says. It's envy that causes me to doubt him, slightly. Of course, it wasn't in his own bed: he'd gone home with a stranger, and was mightily surprised when the guy just let his piss fly. Not enough to actually soak the bed; but it didn't stay dry, either. Why can't this ever happen to me? There have been a few times when I've been lying in bed with someone, and he says, "I've gotta go piss," and I scoot down to his crotch and take his dick in my mouth, without saying a word, just looking up at his face with that begging, pleading look that all of you know so well — but each time, he asked, "Are you sure?" and I was forced to give

consent. I don't want to be asked. I don't want a man who wants to know what I want, I want him to just do it.

Piss Virgin

I keep the door to my booth ajar, sound turned down, and I'm playing a Jalen video that fills my peep show-sized world with blue, yellow and green light. My attention is split between a doll sized Matt Gunther on the screen and the flow of men passing by my door. Some stop to peer inside before moving on. The welcome mat isn't out yet, but I offer a nod or a smile.

It's noon on an overcast San

naturally lean and toned. As I soon discover, he is smooth, in stark contrast to my brown chest hair and two-day stubble. It's obvious that we both are skilled in bookstore sex. A little slapping here and there, lots of tit work and a bit of rimming (actually I ate his ass like it was the last food in the world). He sucks me off, standing up to kiss me, letting me taste what he tastes. He puts his hands on my shoulders, reinforcing my move to squat before him. He's really responding to the head I give him. He raises one leg to press his knee onto my shoulder, pressing me down firmly back against the wall. I'll have to remember that move. He's sliding in and out of my mouth to finally press his cock down the back of my throat. He begins to cum and cum and cum.

cock is resting on my tongue, allowing me for the first time to taste his piss. It's hot and tangy and male.

This unexpected, unsolicited but most welcome moment is more of a milestone in my life than my first beer, my first good cup of coffee or the champagne toast at my graduation. All my senses are revving. Now this is a rite of passage. Forget Robert Bly and those weekend tree huggers beating on drums. This one act is utterly transitional. Its emergence sets dozens of aspects of my life into context, a gestalt from drinking another man's piss. This day is the beginning of something raw, masculine, personal, erotic, funky and wet. 'Dying of thirst' plummets from my list of paranoid what-ifs; marooned on a desert island. . .no problem. I move m



Francisco Tuesday, and I've got a nut to bust. There are fucking worse chores to do, and this one doesn't take too long. This booth isn't very alluring for some reason, but the booth I move to is the charm. I'm barely inside, digging in my pockets for tokens and poppers, when the boy next door lets himself in. He's probably 25 to my 35 years old. We both have average looks and tall, lean swimmers' bodies; not muscle-ripped physiques that were bought with plastic at the gym, but bodies that are

It seems like a steady stream of cum down my throat and into my gut. All of a sudden, I realize he's taking a piss down my throat, not cumming. I start to resist, but he uses his knee to keep me against the wall. He takes one hand and holds my head in place around his cock. I start to gag and he places his other hand around my throat, not like a strangle hold, but the way you apply a patch to a weak inner tube. He looks down at me and smiles. He pulls his dick out enough so that the head of his

tongue up towards the roof of my mouth, pressing the head of his cock between tongue and palate. As he squeeze out the last few drops of piss, his hips move forward and he cum in my mouth. He takes his dick out and kneels down with me to kiss me and taste the wonderful flavors of piss and cum that he has fed me. Score one for the outlaw living! God, I love being a queer. ■

Piss Virgin originally appeared in Water boys, Issue #4.

Where To Find It

Compiled by Dan Guida

There are regularly scheduled watersports parties in major cities which attract anywhere from 15 to 80 members per party. These parties are private by referral and invitation only and with good reason: The AHC, a New York club, was raided this year, as was GSA, also in New York. They had placed low-key ads in HX, which apparently got into the wrong hands. Clubs/publications which openly advertise are as follows:

International Water Boys Network

A large (over 1000 members), established membership club which publishes a full featured quarterly watersports magazine, hosts piss beer busts and play parties. For information, send a letter to Water Boys, 1043 University Avenue #202, San Francisco, CA 92103 3392, or E mail indick@aol.com. Water Boys has a weekly piss chat forum on AOL at 6 p.m. Pacific Std Time in Private Room PIGPEN69. The chat now goes to Private Room PIGPEN70, etc. The room fills to capacity and discussion is lively and raunchy.

Fraternity of Enema Buddies

A large, established, hot club with regularly scheduled play parties. For more info, send a large SASE to: Frank E. Ball, 2421 Pratt Blvd. #1116, Chicago, IL 69645.

Water Buddies of New York

Water Buddies meets 1st, 2nd and 3rd Thurs. for piss parties at 410 W. 14 St., New York, NY 10014. Arrive between 8 & 9:30. \$15 includes beverages.

GSA (Golden Shower Assn.)

meets 4th Wed. of each month at 410 W. 14 St., New York, NY 10014. Arrive between 8 and 9:30. Write to GSA, 332 Bleecker St., #K95, New York, NY 10014 for full calendar or cum see us next time you're in the yellow apple!

Water Buddies of Washington, DC

has monthly private piss parties near Logan Circle. For more details, contact Michael. E-mail: mwpepid@aol.com.

Water Polo Club of Spain.

Apdo. C. 407, 38200 La Laguna, Tenerife, Spain.

Internet Connections

There are two piss web sites. The most comprehensive one, which is totally devoted to piss, is <http://www.mindport.net/~ctpaul34/gws/gwsindex1.html>. It contains piss graphics images which can be downloaded, picture personals, and a host of other features. I suggest you surf it. The owner is a member of Water Boys: Paul Yankowski, CTPaul34 @mindport.net. The other website is <http://www2.best.com/~bootjac/bootjac/mensroom/piss.html>. It is smaller and has fewer features but is relatively new.

There is also an Internet piss list which one can sign up for at CTPaul's piss website. It is a typical Internet list, i.e., all members receive every piece of mail sent by all the members worldwide. The list is relatively new (about 2 months old) and is growing at a fast pace. I am a member and I receive, on average, 10 pieces of mail daily. The nature of the posts runs the gamut and includes: personal introductions of new members, accounts of hot parties, upcoming party announcements and requests for information.

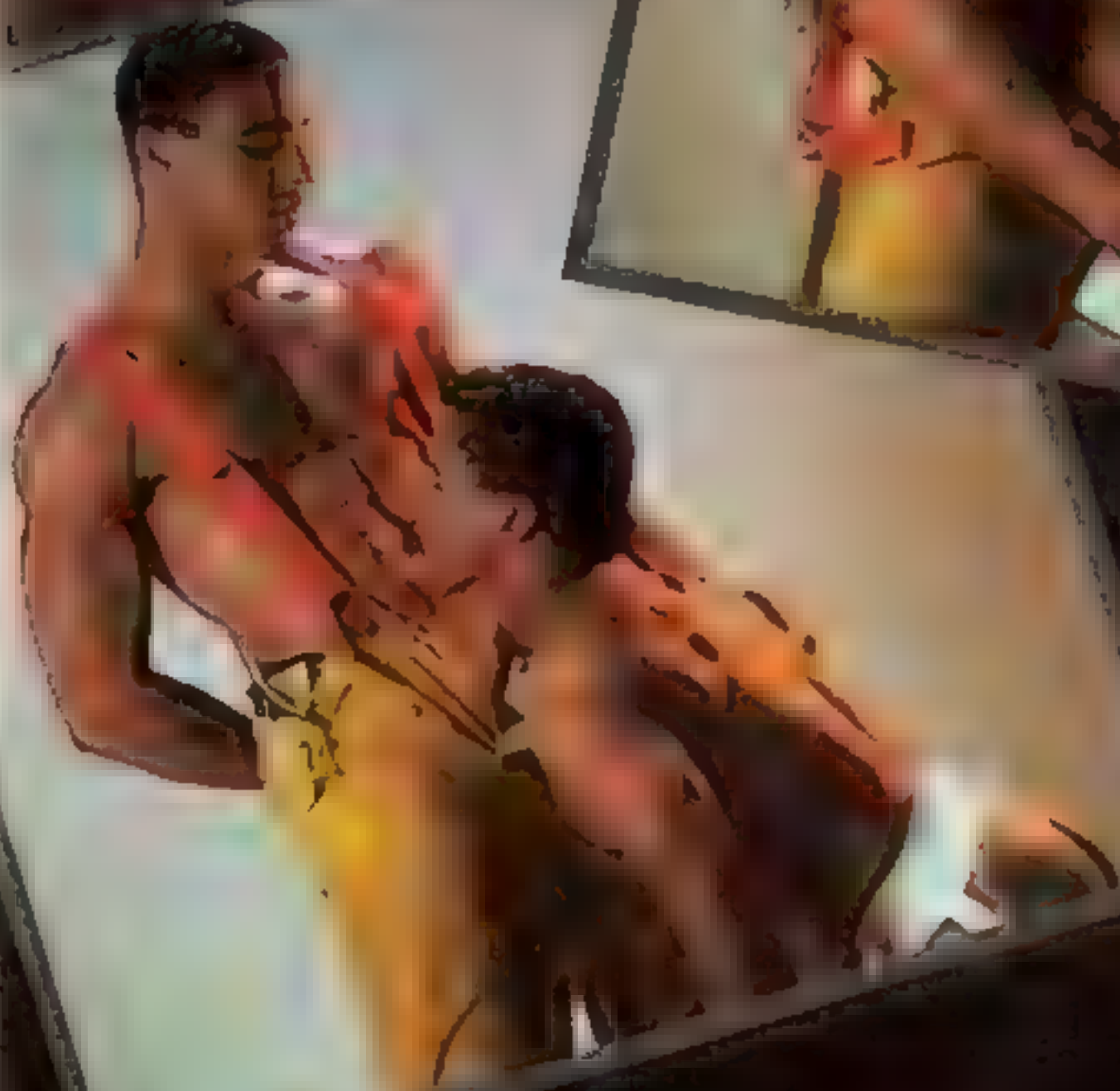
Dan Guida is president of Water Boys.



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Photos PGS 32, 34, 35 from *Playing With Fire* by All Worlds Video;
Photos PG 33 from *Black Draft* by Catalina Video





Hardcore Hose Jobs



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ON!

THE 1996 INTERNATIONAL MR. DRUMMER CONTEST

A VISUAL FANTASY

by ButchWDC

This novice didn't know what to expect as he entered Club Townsend for the Mr. International Drummer Contest. I flashed my press pass, strolled down the dark corridor, passed through the hanging black veils and finally entered the main room where the fantasies would unfold. This former monk immediately knew he had entered the sanctum sanctorum as he gazed at the two ceiling-to-floor drawings of bound Phalluses that stood guard over the image of the menacing Muscle Daddy—an evil sneer on his manly face, man-tits that looked like little dicks and a full crotch that made my mouth water. We were here to pick a icon of male sexuality under the watchful eyes of this sacred image of raw male sex. The artist Rxxx certainly set the stage for a solemn event.

Like a pigboy in heaven—taking in all the heady smells of sex that filled the room—leather, sweat, cigars and beer—I watched the eleven Mr. Drummer contestants, four Drummer Boy contestants and over 650 observers swagger by, each displaying their personalized versions of leathersex. There goes Master Weakland of San Diego dragging his two fully bound boys. And that 6'6" Leather Daddy, Jim McGlade from DC. Three muscle bound cops saunter by and can't stop staring at their shiny jackboots. One hunk after another passes by, some stare in my eyes, others simply nod or smile, and occasionally one will grope his crotch or rub his butt. Finally an ebony god with massive pecs and luscious hips protruding from a leather harness grabs my ass. I notice his le-

Ryle Brandon, International Mr. Drummer 1996, during the jockstrap competition.

band, the mustard stripe on his chaps, and quickly follow him to the men's room, my eyes focused on his beautiful lats and leather encased bubble butt... Ummmm... what do the god's have in store for me?

Denied immediate refreshment, but promised a later encounter, the pissboy is really thirsty as he walks up to the circular bar only to notice the bartender's awesome tattooed body. Corey makes a devilish wink as he brings my scotch and water... I want to jump over the bar, get on my knees and lick his succulent ass, but the men are gathering around the stage, and the ritual is about to begin...

The Master of Ceremonies, Frank Nowicki, appears clad in a tight leather uniform with red bunting and a red and black flogger dangling at his side. He's great at cracking the whip and getting the four hour event moving on schedule. The judges are introduced: Mr. International Drummer '95 and Head Judge, David "W.W." Walker; Mr. International Leather '96, Joe Gallagher; Ms. International Leather '91, Kay Hallanger; Mr. International Master '95, Jack Stice; Evert Dikjema; Charles Carley; Harley McMillen and James McGlade. Of course, this slave boy wannabe couldn't help but wonder how the judges' slave, boy tom, was keeping this group of heavy players happy...

Daddy Irwin Kane's booming voice introduces each of the Mr. International Drummer Contestants as they make their way to the stage through wafts of eerie smoke and pulsing music. Just imagining being gangbanged by that hot group of studs has me in a dither ... Don Woods of Dallas, TX, Mr. Gulf Coast Drummer; Bob Jacobs of Atlanta, GA, Mr. Southeast Drummer; Rick Noss of Omaha, NE, Mr. Desert/Plains Drummer; Keyth "KY" Fitzgerald of Baltimore, MD, Mr. Mid Atlantic Drummer; Rick Gusler of Denver, CO, Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer; Bill Masters of Ft. Lauderdale, FL, Mr. Florida Drummer; William O. "Taurus" Webster III of San Jose, CA, Mr. Northern California Drummer; Jerry Leigh of Columbus, OH, Mr. Great Lakes Drummer; Craig Foxx of Boston, MA,



Center, 1996 International Mr. Drummer Kyle Brandon. At left is Ken Rosetti, 1st Runner Up, and right, Jerry Leigh, 2nd Runner Up. 1996 International Drummer Boy is Mike DeNisco

PHOTOS: JACQUES HARPE

Mr. New England Drummer; Ken Rosetti of New York City, Mr. Northeast Drummer; and Kyle Brandon of Los Angeles, CA, Mr. Southern California Drummer.

One by one, the Drummer Boys are introduced and take their place in front of the Mistery: mike de nisco, Rocky Mountain Drummer Boy; bill karr, Florida Drummer Boy; john ayres, Northern California Drummer Boy; and kevin norte, Southern California Drummer Boy. I can only imagine what kinds of service they have been providing back stage...

The stage darkens and the crowd anxiously awaits the unfolding of each contestant's fantasy. There is something for everybody, old guard and new guard alike, serious and humorous, everything from a ceremonial firebranding in front of a Native American teepee to a Black Ritual turned New Age Wedding.

Forrest Gump exclaims that "life is like a box of chocolates" before he is transformed into a leather Master and deflowers the hot boy who shares his park bench. My butt was really twitching as I watched a hot muscle-bound bootblack reverse the tables and ravage his equally hot customer on a highback chair pulled in a circle by three scantily clad slaves. Everyone was laughing as a studly "Dorothy," wearing red sparkle boots, submits to the power of OZ and is flogged by the Cowardly Lion's tail and raped by the Tinman's huge silver cock.

The crowd was mesmerized when a satanic skinhead forces a resisting muscle stud onto a St. Andrew's cross and grinds the stud's tattooed thighs and full crotch with shower after shower of burning sparks. This boy had to rearrange his jewels after that performance!

The fantasies are interspersed with brief speeches by each contestant on the usual subjects: AIDS, DOMA, Gay and Leather Pride, diversity, voter registration, the "old guard" and "new guard."

The judges cast their ballots and the votes are counted as Mr. International Drummer '95, W.W. Walker makes a long farewell speech. The tension mounts as "Ky" Fitzgerald is awarded the Golden Whip award by his fellow contestants for being "Most Congenial." mike de nisco of Denver is named International Drummer Boy '96. Ken Rosetti is named first-runner up by fellow New Yorker, Joe Gallagher, IME '96. Finally, Kyle Brandon of Los Angeles is proclaimed Mr. International Drummer '96 and awarded the coveted sash by his predecessor. Brandon (who is featured in Drummer Issue #198) is 29 years old and is the founder of Kyle Ventures SM Video Productions.

No longer a novice, this pigboy leaves the contest like a bitch in heat, my mind reeling with tantalizing fantasies and my loins swelling in expectation as I make my way back to the Castro and await the sordid festivities of the night ... ■

DRUMMER FEATURED ARTIST

The Art of Skibo





DRUMMER FEATURED ARTIST



The Art of Skibo





Photos from Close-Up Productions

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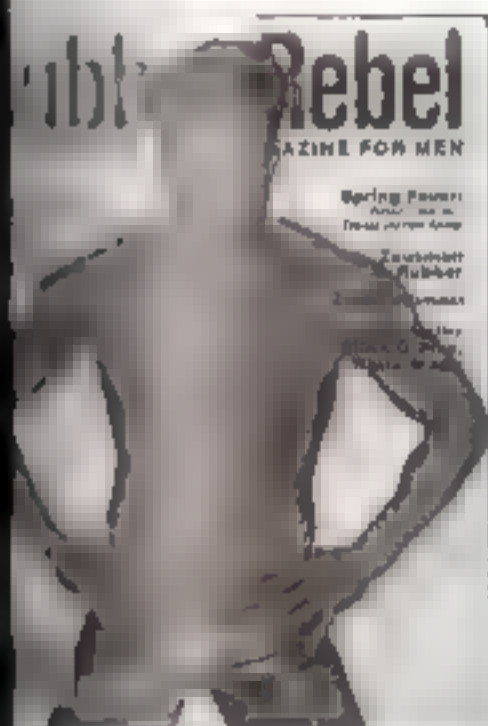
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A full-page photograph of a shirtless male athlete, likely a baseball player, in a ready stance. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. His arms are extended forward, and his hands are positioned as if he is about to catch a ball. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some vertical lines and a bright light source. The overall tone is dramatic and focused.

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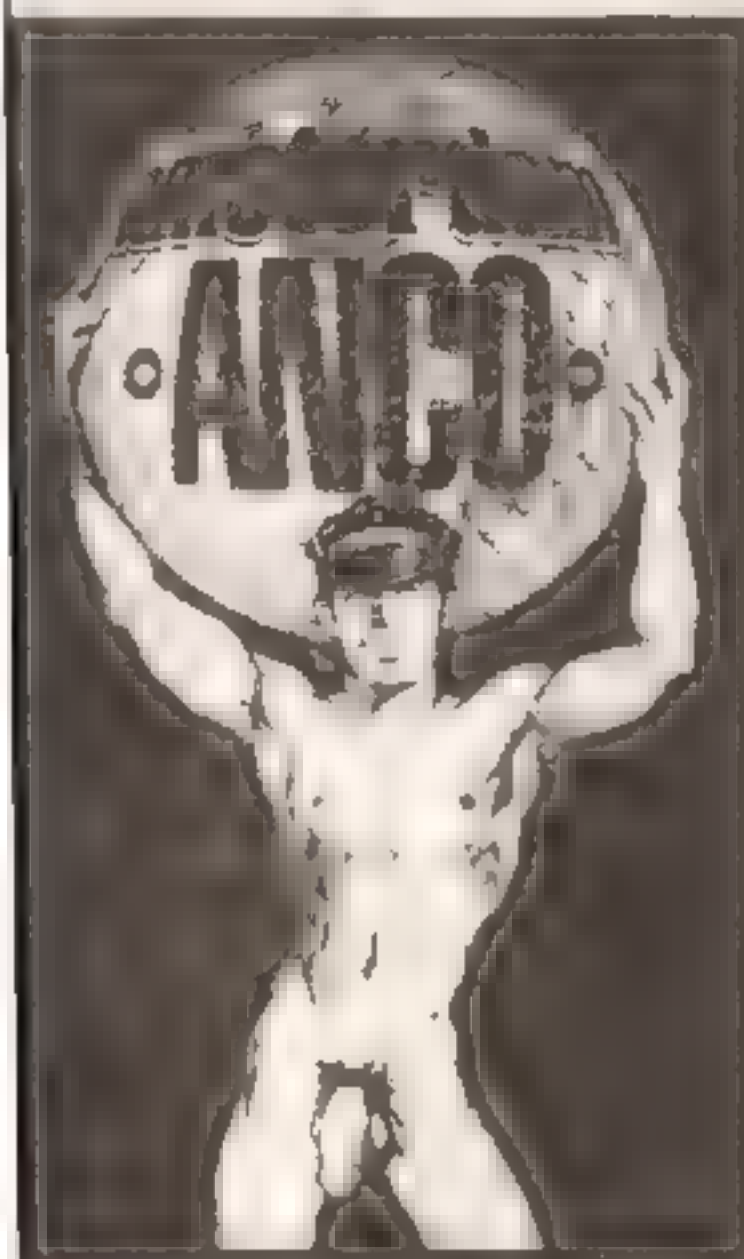
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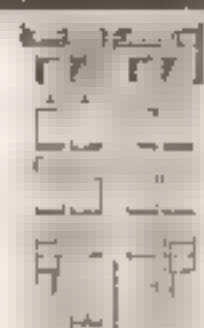
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Sexual Archive Opens

B E R L I N

German government medical research center the Robert Koch Institute formally opened the new Archive on the Study of Sexuality to students and researchers. The archive contains approximately 1,000 books along with journals, videos and photographic materials.

Included is documentation on the first sexual institute in Berlin, which was founded by pioneer gay activist Magnus Hirschfeld after World War I. After the rise to power of the Nazis, Hirschfeld fled Germany and his library was burned.

Brits Top Condom Users

L O N D O N

According to the Daily Mail newspaper, British males buy

more condoms than men anywhere else in the world. Their average purchase rate of 2.67 rubbers per man per year is twice the United States average of 1.17 and, surprise of surprises, four times that of France's measly 0.59. Perhaps this explains the fact, as reported in Drummer #198, that British men average only three minutes having sex (compared to 13 minutes for Italians and 30 minutes for Brazilians). They have to move more quickly in order to get more sex acts completed in the time they have available for sex.

The true test of Brits' dedication to condom use is yet to come, however. The world wants to find out how they react to a new product invented by Austrian body painter Karl Machhammer. He has



Illustration by Nigel Kent, courtesy of the Tom of Finland Company Gallery

invented a liquid condom that is painted directly onto the cock. One bottle of the liquid latex costs about \$8 and will coat an average-sized cock three times. No studies on the product's effectiveness or safety were reported, but the fact it takes seven minutes to dry before it's ready to use may limit its appeal for those eager-to-get-going Brits. If Machhammer is smart, he'll

confine his marketing to Brazil. They will still be able to get in 23 minutes of action.

Resort Stops Harassing Cruisers

S I T G E S . S P A I N

This resort city has destroyed a list of gay men whose names and addresses had been recorded after police stopped

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them during late-night cruising in the city's Maritime Pass area. The list was destroyed after activist group Coordinadora Gai-Lesbiana met with the mayor. The city also canceled fines and ceased arresting both gays and straights for going naked on a popular downtown beach.

Who's Who in Leather Planned T O R O N T O

Two prominent leathermen are seeking nominations for people to include in a planned Who's Who of the international leather/ferish/SM community. Tony DeBlase, popularly known as Fledermaus, and Trevor Jacques, co-author of *On the Safe Edge* say nominations should include the nominee's name, a brief description of the person's contribution to the community and a way to contact either the nominator or nominee. Send your suggestions to Jacques at Alternate Source, P.O. Box 19591-557, 55 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T9, Canada. You can also contact him by phone at 416 962-1040 or 962-1044 or e-mail at Editor@Alternate.com or <http://alternate.com>.

Insurers Get Creative L O N D O N

Lloyds of London now insures British rent boys (i.e., male prostitutes) against accident and sickness. "Sex Workers' Occupational Policy" holders who claim loss of earnings due to a sexually transmitted disease or other occupational hazard will be classified as

having an industrial illness.

And speaking of insurance, the American public was fascinated when Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable insured their legs for a million dollars. What would they think upon learning that straight porn star Steven St. Croix reportedly has had his third leg insured for the same amount? His producers at Vivid Video took out the policy after the actor bought a motorcycle. Of course, many Drummer readers no doubt have met — or are themselves — men whose cocks are worth at least twice that.

Gay Mardi Gras S Y D N E Y

You're too late for the 1996 Sleaze Ball, but there's still time to plan a trip to attend the next Gay Mardi Gras, which will be held March 1 in Australia's largest city. The celebration, perhaps the largest gay gathering in the world, lasts several days and includes a large number of leather events. Several travel companies belonging to the International Gay Travel Association have put together special packages. For the name of a member company near you, contact the IGTA by mail at P.O. Box 4974, Key West FL 33041, by phone and fax at (305) 292-0217 and 296-6644, respectively, or by e-mail at IGTA@aol.com.

Leathermen Get Linked N E W Y O R K

A physical chain designed to show the size and strength of the leather/SM community is being prepared for the Mr.

Leather 1997 contest. The chain will be constructed from individual links contributed by people from throughout the world.

Individuals are being asked to send one metal chain link (of reasonable size) that is slightly open and ready for attachment to others. Groups may submit a segment of links they have already connected themselves. Attached to each link, or group of links, should be a card with the name(s) of the contributor(s), which will be published in the Get-Linked Directory.

Though only an identifying name is required for inclusion, organizers Joe Gallagher and Michael Horowitz would prefer the complete name and address of each contributor for archival purposes. If you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your link, they will send you your link number as well as the names of the two people connecting to you. Gallagher is the 1996 International Mr. Leather and a member of the board of Gay Male S/M Activists. Horowitz is treasurer of the Leather Archive and Museum in Chicago, which will house the chain after the contest.

Send links to Michael Horowitz, 227 E. 56th St., Ste. 400, New York NY 10022. You can get more information on-line at <http://nycnet.com/Gallagher>.

One Win, One Loss for Free Speech

N E W Y O R K

Federal courts recently issued both a win and a setback for free-speech advocates.



Illustration by "OSZE",
courtesy of the Tom of
Finland Company Gallery

On the plus side, a second panel of federal judges unanimously declared the Communications Decency Act passed by Congress in February unconstitutional. The panel said the statute's ban on computer transmission of material deemed "patently offensive" to minors is an "over-broad prohibition on constitutionally protected indecent speech between adults." A federal court in Philadelphia issued a similar decision in a separate case in June.

The more recent ruling resulted from a lawsuit filed by the editor of the *American Reporter*, an on-line newspaper. The paper's editor deliberately challenged the law by publishing an intentionally profane criticism of it. Although the earlier ruling already pre-empted enforce-

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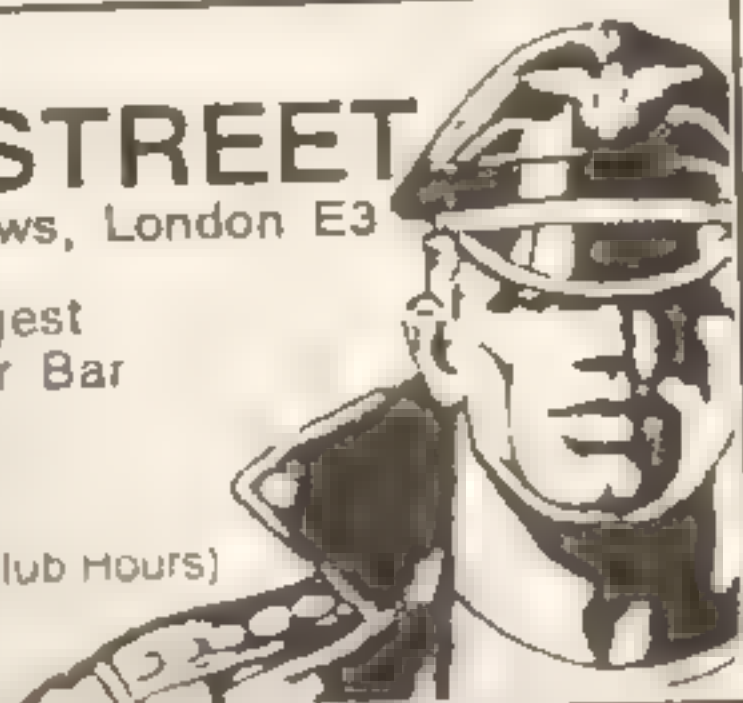
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ment of the act, the new decision reinforces arguments against its constitutionality. The Justice Department has indicated it will appeal both rulings.

If allowed to stand, the law would make transmitting "indecent" material in such a way that children might see it punishable by up to two years in prison and a \$250,000 fine. Opponents of the law say it would effectively ban all on-line communication with even a hint of sexual content because there is no way of ensuring minors cannot get access to it.

On the negative side, a federal court in San Francisco upheld the state's prohibition on the sale of so-called prurient material from sidewalk vending machines. Violation of the law, which has not yet been enforced, carries the potential of a \$2,000 fine and a year in prison. In an editorial decrying the decision, the San Francisco Chronicle said the

Illustration by Tom of Finland, from the Tom of Finland 1997 Calendar



law gives the government too much latitude to interpret what is offensive.

Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend Rescheduled WASHINGTON, D.C.

Centaur Motorcycle Club has been forced to reschedule its Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend from the January dates previously reported to Presidents' Day Weekend, Feb. 14-16. The Centaur Hotline at 202-388-1010 has additional information on hotel reservations and events.

15 Association Trims Mailing List SAN FRANCISCO

In order to bring its mailing list back down to manageable size, the 15 Association, an organization that sponsors monthly SM parties in San Francisco, will send monthly mailings only to people with a California address. Those with out-of-state or foreign addresses will receive semi-annual mailings.

Also the association will send free mailings only to those who attend at least one monthly play party or the annual boot camp during a 12-month period. Otherwise you must pay \$10 to be on the mailing list.

SF Eagle Keeps Its Patio SAN FRANCISCO

Rumors circulating around the city that the San Francisco Eagle had lost the lease on the large outdoor patio space adjoining the bar

are entirely false, according to bar manager Bob Bolling. "I've been trying to quash those rumors. I don't know how they got started. We still have a lease running two more years," he said.

The site of numerous fund raising and leather events, the patio at the Eagle has been a focal point for not just the local leather and SM community but a national and international crowd as well. During the bar's famous Sunday afternoon beer busts, several hundred hot leather men — and a few leather women — are packed cheek to "jewels" in the shaded enclave.

What apparently sparked the rumor, Bolling surmised, is the fact the patio has been closed off weekday nights due to lower patronage. "This is a really large bar, and it feels empty if people are spread out too much," he said.

As reported in an earlier issue of *Drummer*, several San Francisco leather and sex venues have closed over the past year. And few bars South-of-Market, the traditional heart of the city's leather community, now get crowds during the week, prompting some people to worry that others may be in danger of closing.

The decline in weekday patronage reflects several changes in the local gay community. The most obvious is the death and illness of large numbers of gay San Franciscans from AIDS, coupled with concerns about health that have brought a reduction in alcohol use and late-night partying. Current estimates from the San Francisco Health Department

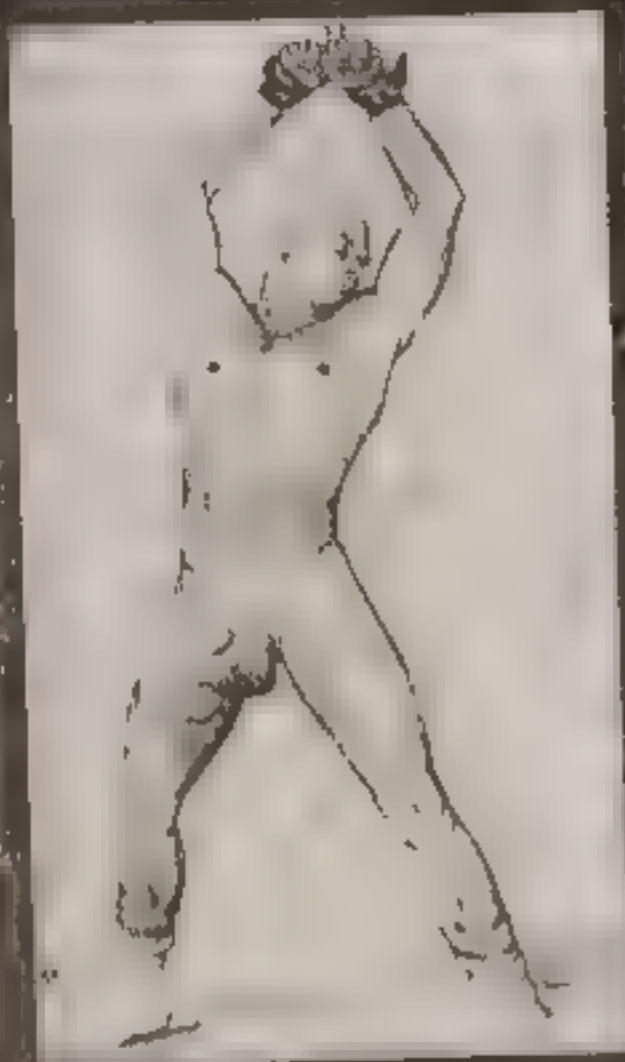
suggest the rate of HIV infection among the local gay community continues to hover near 50 percent.

Lifestyle and generational changes also play a role. The only South-of-Market leather-friendly bars to get weeknight crowds are country-Western dance bar Rawhide II, the Lone Star Saloon (which caters to bears), and Hole in the Wall (which advertises itself as a "Nasty Little Biker Bar,") but in fact attracts an extremely eclectic mix of hip young guys, bears, leathermen, aging hippies, burnt-out cases and occasionally just about everybody else from priests to businessmen.

Motorwerks, a leather bar that never quite caught on, has been replaced by a sophisticated and highly popular piano bar. Many men into the leather scene show up there on a regular basis, though rarely in chaps and motorcycle jacket. To keep itself operating, the recently reopened Powerhouse transforms itself on Thursdays into a private club called Sissybar, which attracts a crowd of young queers with decidedly non-leather tastes. The popular club scene, with every night offering at least one and often three and four different themed dance clubs, itself cuts into bar patronage.

The overall message seems to be that gay men today, especially younger gay men, refuse to confine themselves to one alternative. Many of them may enjoy leather and Levi's, but not every night. Many may also enjoy SM but feel no absolute need to don leather in order to express that part of their personalities. ■

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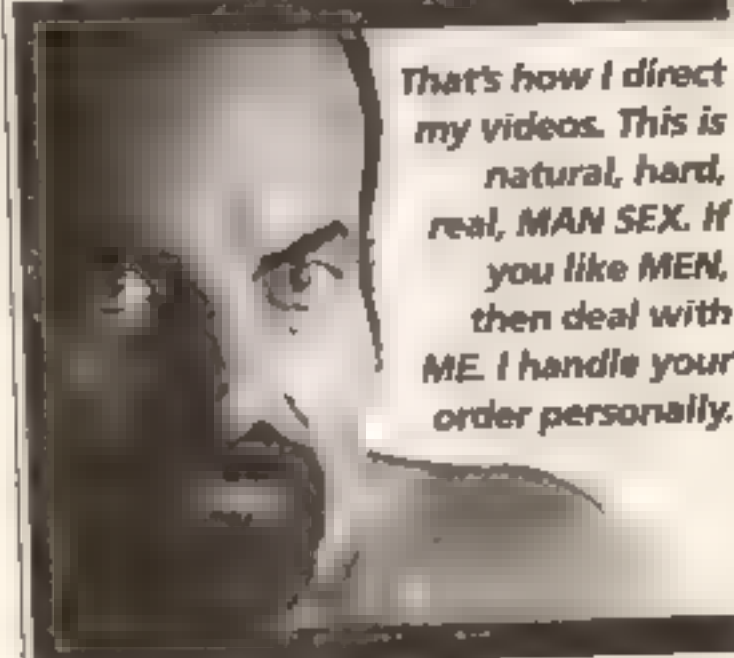
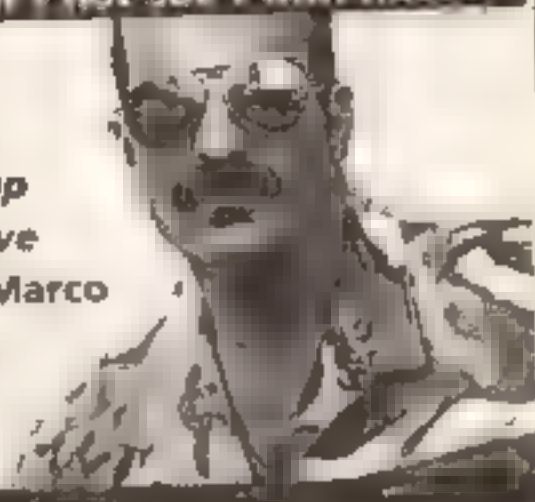
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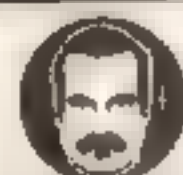
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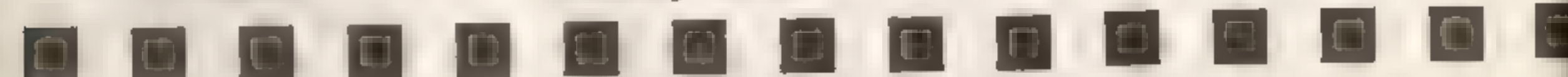
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BOOK SECTION

Reviews by David May



In Defense of Beauty

by Tom Bianchi. Crown Publishers, Inc.; 201 East 50th Street; New York NY 10022. 63 pages. \$12.00.

The question is: Is it self-indulgent to write an essay defending beauty and publish it as a book decorated with photographs one has taken of beautiful men, or is it just silly?

Bianchi does make some valid points in his discussion of "lookism," particularly in light of recent research demonstrating that standards of beauty are pretty much universal. True, those who criticize beauty or its uses, as Bianchi points out, may in reality



Issue 200

Book Reviews p. 61

"First Timer"

Fiction by Hanes 32 p. 65

"Copsucker"

Fiction by Butch WDC p. 69

"Recycle"

Fiction by Fledermaus p. 73

From "Massengill," by Reed Massengill, St. Martin's Press, \$13

be criticizing their own self-perceived lack of same. But does any of this merit publication?

As lovely as the photographs decorating this slim volume are, they'd feel more appropriate in a book that neither apologizes for, nor defends, itself. The very fact that Bianchi feels compelled to address the criticism that he photographs only beautiful men, implies that he himself is subject to the Puritanical distrust of beauty he seeks to dispute here (i.e., he "doth protest too much.") Bianchi further points out that gay men have cultivated and defended (male) beauty for its own sake for generations and have even used physical beauty as a protest against the larger culture that would deny them their right to be. I do not disagree with Bianchi so much as wonder why he felt compelled to write so profoundly on the obvious. If he needs to rationalize for himself his chosen career of seeking and recording male beauty, I can only feel sorry for him since it seems to me to be a very high calling indeed.



Bianchi: Outpost

by Tom Bianchi. Published by Saint Martin's Press; 175 Fifth Avenue; New York NY 10010. 64 pages, \$13.00.

Bianchi's love of handsome men as seen by the latest volume in this series on male nude photography from Stonewall Inn Books. The Southern California aesthetic for which he has been (unjustly) criticized continues here. The men are all of a type: well muscled, tanned, athletic, and Hollywood handsome. The models are generally youthful, though Bianchi also continues to use fit men into their forties, some of whom he has written elsewhere, are living with HIV.

Strangely enough, it is only when his models become abstractions, objects defined first as light and shadow and only secondly as men, that I most enjoyed these photographs. It is only when these men are less personalities than an ideal that I find myself most moved.

This is not to say that I dislike Bianchi's erotic vision in these photographs, or the implication of sex which is about to happen, or has only just finished. He maintains a certain coyness, even when sex is more in the moment, however, which will disappoint those looking for hard-core pornography but will please the romantic.

This vision is a romantic one, a world of beautiful, near perfect men by a quarry-like pool, sunning, bathing and making love. It is a record of "our world as we like it," Bianchi tells us, "a potential for our tribe today." But it is no more real than any other romantic vision. We may ache for it, but it can never be real for more than a moment.

Prose

by Aiden Shaw. Published by Millwires Books, 33 Bristol Gardens, Brighton BN2 5JR, East Sussex, England. 131 pages, \$12.95.

I wanted so much to like this book, to be able to say that porn star Aiden Shaw had written something worth reading, that here was a new voice from a unsuspected source. I am disappointed not only in the book, however, but also perplexed as to how something so sophomoric managed

to get published at all.

Brutal, which one supposes is in part autobiography, is the first-person narrative of a party-boy/drug addict/prostitute who decides that there is more to life than self-destruction and finds solace in the nurturing company of women. The story is at turns tedious, puntanical and obvious, with a single erotic episode that ought to have been meaningful but is instead dismissed. He defends prostitution as a profession then derides "degrading" sex with clients, embraces SM then refutes it. These inconsistencies in logic are more than annoying, they detract from whatever he might have had to say. All this territory has been covered before, too, and by better authors. Hoelleran, Burroughs, Rechy, Isherwood and Monette have written on the queer party scene, prostitution and drug use, or meditation, mortality and death; it's just that no one ever tried to squish so much pointless drivel on these diverse topics into so few pages before.

Since I think a reviewer's primary purpose is to help readers decide what they might want to read rather than determine a book's intrinsic worth, I rarely dismiss a book altogether. In this case I must make an exception.

Massengill

by Reed Massengill. Published by Saint Martin's Press; 175 Fifth Avenue; New York, NY 10010. 58 pages, \$13.00.

With this volume, the third in the Stonewall Inn Book/Photographer Series, journalist Reed Massengill offers us the best of fourteen years of photographing naked men. Lacking formal training as a photographer, and reticent to call his photographs "work," Massengill brings a kind of emotional realism to his work that is rarely seen in the more technical, and occasionally over-posed, work of Tom Bianchi or Herb Ritts. The models are all men Massengill met and, being impressed with their looks, asked to pose for him (none of them professional models.) It



perhaps this combination of Massengill's intuitive eye and the models' unaffected grace that gives these photographs their depth and charm. There is a very real sense of Massengill's desire to record, and thus capture forever, his models' beauty. In these pictures the camera is making love to the subject (rather than the more common reverse of the model making love to the camera) offering us a vision of male beauty that, while idealized, is far from unapproachable.

The photos are more romantic than erotic, paying homage to the photographer's romanticism rather than keeping to the consistent aesthetic of Anichini or Ritts. There is a seductive quality to his oddly romantic vision, however. In fact, so compelling are some of these portraits, that I found myself at times mooning over young men who were far from my usual type, seduced, not by the men looking directly at the camera, but by the photographer's love of his subjects.

Nature in the Raw: Gay Erotic Fiction from "Freshman" Magazine
 Edited by Gerry Kroll. Published by Alyson Publications Inc., P.O. Box 4371; Los Angeles CA 90078. 230 pages. \$11.95.
 It's great when porn is so well written that it transcends the genre, but it's

still fun when it isn't. Similarly, while one-handed fiction is usually done to formula, there's a lot to be said for the formula when it's well handled. With *Nature in the Raw*, we are given a collection of well written, though formulaic, short stories that while occasionally transcending the genre, are for the most part "just" well crafted porn. Since the source for the stories is *Freshmen*, the stories are not only formulaic, but pretty consistent in their erotic content (nothing too nasty) and the type of men described (nubile, twenty-something boys with only the occasional thirty-plus man thrown in for variety) but I only say this to let readers looking for bears or perverts know that they should look elsewhere, because this is an anthology of well written one-handed fiction.

Especially exciting are the works of Derek Adams, Grant Foster and my personal favorite, R.J. March. These three authors take the most time to develop character and plot, handling both with skill and intelligence. March's stories especially transcend the genre and are good stories, erotic or not. All three of his stories take sudden twists and turns in their few pages that excited me enough to want more from him, and to hope he will

collect his stories together in a single volume sometime soon. If this anthology is uneven, it is only because of the great stories that stand out from the good ones.

Switch Hitters:

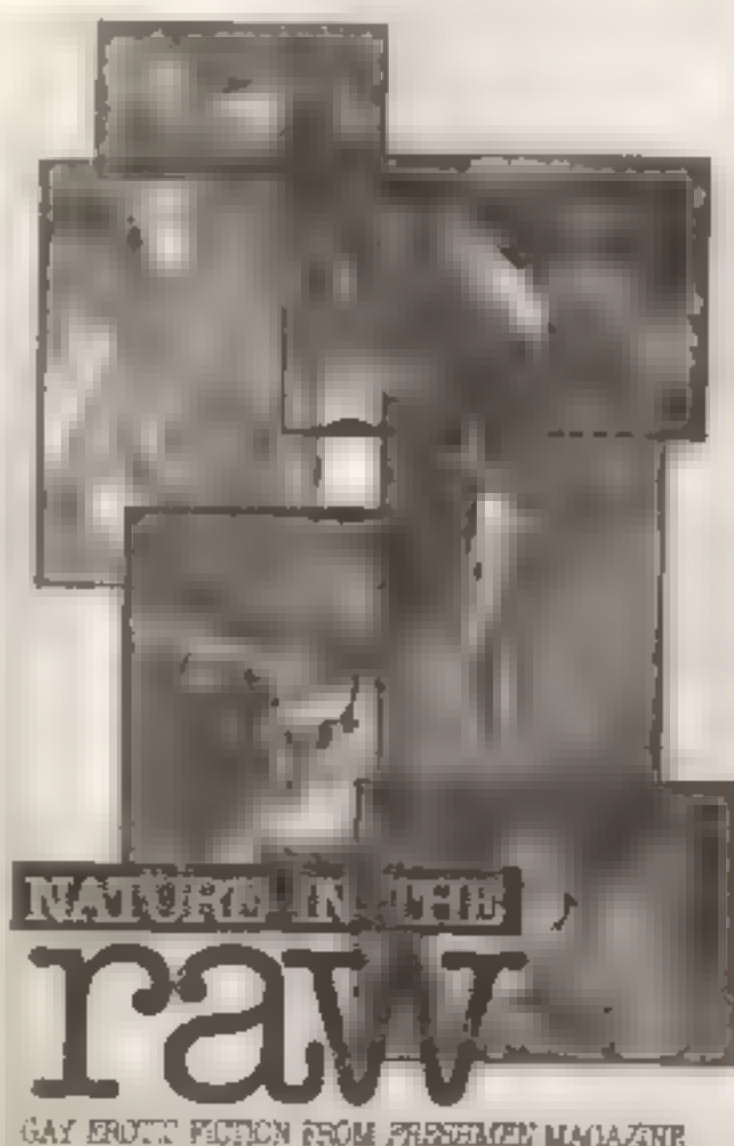
Lesbians Write Gay Male Erotic and Gay Men Write Lesbian Erotica, edited by Carol Queen and Lawrence Schimel. Published by Cleis Press, PO Box 8933, Pittsburgh PA 15221 / PO Box 14684, San Francisco CA 94114. 191 pages. \$12.95.

Just when I thought that the last possible angle for a queer anthology has been exploited, Carol Queen and Lawrence Schimel come along with this brilliant, delicious mind-fuck, a collection of the queerest queer erotica. If I'd ever been asked if fags and dykes could write porn that would get each other off, I'd have scoffed at the idea - and I would have been wrong.

This collection covers all the bases, from vanilla to kink, from a lesbian excerpt found in a Larry Townsend one-hander for straight men to a humorous foray into gay male sensibility by editor Queen (Poster Boy) that had me laughing out loud.

The stories are not only hot (Thomas Roche's Cowgrrrl in the Darrke and Laura Antoniou's SM themed Brian on the Farm, come quickly to mind), they draw on a variety of emotions from despair to hope. The stories are at turns touching, as in Robin Sweeney Dress Leathers and William Mann's Pussy Pier; disturbing, as in Wickie Stamps' Predators and Kevin Kilian's Renga; or wistful, as in Cecilia Tan's Daydreaming and Matthew Rettenmund's I Fucked a Girl. Add to this collection the romance of Blake Aarens' Posing and Simon Sheppard's Sometime Before the Fall, and you have a well rounded collection of high quality smut.

Rarely is an anthology so consistent in quality and sexual heat. Queen and Schimel did a superb job researching the past for lost jewels and drawing on new and established writers to create a steamy, entertaining collection. ■



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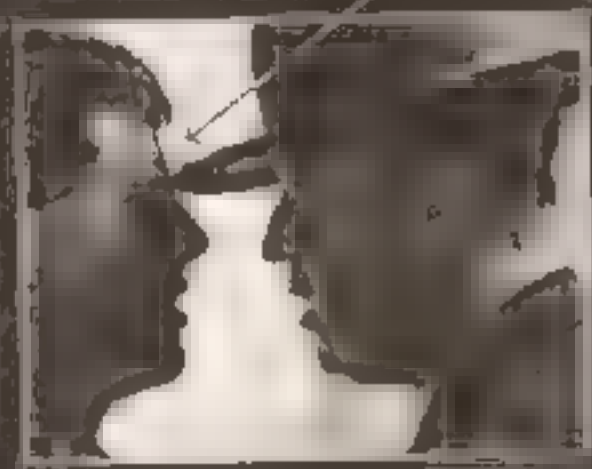
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First Timer— a true story

By Hanes32

Photos from
the Drummer Archives

I will never forget the first time I got into a watersports scene. It was a real trip, especially since I didn't go looking for it (well, sort of). It was 1979. I was nineteen years old and a little too adventurous for my own good. Even in college, I knew that the pretty-boy disco scene wasn't for me. I liked men with mustaches, muscles, and a little macho attitude. Men that smelled of sweat, not cologne. I decided it was time to learn how the rough boys play, so I drove the six hours to New York City to have a long weekend with my friend, Ted, and get into a little trouble.

Ted sort of smiled when I told him what I was looking for and told me I should go to the Mine Shaft. I asked him about it but he just said, "Go, you'll find what you're looking for and more." Was he ever right. Ted dug through his closet and found some stuff for me to wear: an old jockstrap, some well worn 501's, a tight white T-shirt, engineer boots, and a leather jacket. Luckily we were the same size and the stuff fit really well.

It was around 11.30 p.m. on a Friday, a little early I was told, but I wanted to relax a little before it got too crowded. The guy at the door carded me and said he had to check out what I was wearing to see if it was OK. He made me turn around and then told me to unbutton my fly. "How come?" I asked. He smiled and said "You want to come in here, you got to pass my basket check." So I unbuttoned my fly. He pulled the fly of my jeans apart and checked out the frayed jock that Ted had loaned me. He gave my half-hard dick and balls a little tug. "That'll do just fine, go ahead in."

I walked through the door and couldn't see a thing. After my eyes adjusted, I could see the bar and some stools scattered around the edge of the room. The room was dark and cave-like and smelled of sweat, sex, and piss.

I went over to the bartender, ordered a beer, and sat at a stool against a wall that had a good view of the door. What came through that door was a sight. Leathermen, cops, construction workers, firemen. Just about every fantasy a red-blooded gay man has ever had was represented in one form or another. It got to be around 12:15 and I was on my third beer. It was sensory overload, the sight of hot men, the pounding music, and the intense smells were keeping a full strain on that jock pouch. I had just decided to stand for a while when this cowboy walked through the door - jeans, chaps, cowboy boots and hat, big bushy mustache, huge furry pecs, no shirt. He noticed me looking at him and our eyes locked - you know that look when your eyes connect with someone and there's that instant sexual energy surging between you. He ordered a beer and walked over to me, keeping a steady lock on my eyes. Without saying a word, he locked his mouth on mine and shoved his tongue down my throat. I could feel and taste the cold beer that was still on his mustache from his last sip. After about two solid minutes of the hottest man-kiss I had ever experienced, he looked me in the eyes and said, "I bet you know just where a cowboy who has to take a piss can relieve himself, don't you, buddy?" I thought the question was kind of dumb since the guy had probably been here before, but I just said "Sure, the..." Before I could tell him where the bathroom was he had shoved that hot tongue into my mouth again. His hands slid down my sides and found the front of my jeans. I felt him pop the two top buttons on my 501's. His hand started playing with my dick which was fully hard at this point all the while he was working over my mouth and face with his mouth. His

hands went away for a second and then I felt his dick scraping my stomach right above the waistband of my jock... too fucking hot... and right in view of about 100 other people. I was having such a good time with this stud that I didn't care about the audience; they didn't seem to mind either.

The next thing I knew the cowboy had shoved his dick inside the waistband of my jock so our dicks were meeting head to head. Without any warning, I felt a warm, hot, wet stream in my pants. The cowboy was pissing in my jock! I started to squirm, but he just shoved me hard against the wall, flattening me against his body, and kept on sucking face and pissing.

It wasn't long before my jock was yellow with his piss and my jeans were soaked through and dripping onto the floor. I couldn't believe it, I was so turned on. Man, this cowboy knew how to handle me. He grabbed my dick, all wet and slippery with my piss, and jerked me off to a climax like none I'd had before, all without removing his mustached mouth from mine.

"You're a mess, kid," I just nodded, dumbly. "I think you need to come back to my place and get cleaned up. That is after my buddies and me have a little fun with you. Whaddaya say?"

All I knew was that I'd found some "forbidden fruit" and I wanted more of it, NOW. I agreed. I followed the cowboy out of that bar wearing a piss-soaked, cum-filled jock, and completely wet jeans. I was starting to feel very self-conscious when I realized that we were being followed by the cowboy's buddies: Two NYPD officers, a fireman in a huge yellow and black raincoat, and two guys in leather. All parading down the streets of lower Manhattan.

We walked about five blocks to a sort of run-down warehouse where this guy had a loft. All six of us rode up in an old freight elevator, nobody saying a word. The door into the loft opened and we stepped into the room. It was all painted black, with a huge bed in the middle covered with plastic. The bathroom with a tub and toilet was completely inside the room with no





walls or screens

The six guys, seemingly on cue, picked me up and carried me towards the bathtub. They dumped me in and started pulling out their dicks, one by one

"Hey, wait a minute!" I said

"What's the matter boy," said the cowboy.

"What's going on, . . . I . . . I've never done this before "

"Yeah, nght, kid. Hey Chuck, Steve, I think this boy needs to be tied in."

The two police officers, without wasting a second, pulled my boots and soggy jeans off, leaving me in just my T-shirt and jock. They tied my arms and legs, then connected the two ropes together under the old legged bathtub so I was sitting in the middle of the bathtub with my arms and legs hanging over the sides and securely tied.

"Hey!" I yelled, "What the hell are you guys doing?" I really was anxious about what was happening, but I guess the hard-on that was trying to escape from my piss-soaked jock was giving away the fact that I was turned on

The cowboy just winked at me. He looked over toward the guy in the raincoat. "Mike, you got something under that raincoat that will shut this kid up for a while? He's getting kinda' mouthy."

Mike just smiled a little and nodded his head. He opened up his fireman's raincoat. The only thing he had on underneath was a huge pair of black and yellow boots that matched his raincoat and a completely foul pair of briefs that looked like they'd been pissed in a hundred times. He pulled off his boots and started to slide the shorts off. I had an idea what was coming, but could only stare with wider and wider eyes. He took the briefs off, put his boots back on and started coming towards me. As he got closer, I could smell those shorts - sweat and piss. I could see stain over stain in the front and they were sort of a brownish-yellow from all that golden fluid that had passed through them. Through the



stains, I could barely make out the word "HANES" on the waistband. Mike put them up to my mouth. The smell was so strong I had to turn my head. He grabbed my mouth on both sides with huge, powerful gloved hands and squeezed, forcing my jaw open. He shoved those things in my mouth, just leaving a little of the waistband out that I could see. I started to gag, but calmed down, my dick harder than it had ever been before, so hard it was hurting. The smell and taste of those shorts was more powerful than any popper in the world.

"OK boys" said the cowboy "We can get back to business now."

They took their original positions around the tub. The two cops dropped their trousers - one was wearing boxer shorts, the other white briefs, the two leathermen and the cowboy pulled their dicks out of their jocks, and the fireman just opened his heavy coat.

I was squirming at this point. The cowboy and his friends were pushing buttons I didn't know I had. "Hey look boys, the kid seems to be getting off on Mike's shorts afterall!" I was sucking on them and smelling all I could now, enjoying the man-scent and the acid piss-taste of the shorts. "Let's push this one a little further. Chuck, why don't you let the kid taste what a pair of freshly pissed in shorts tastes like."

The cop who was wearing the briefs silently kicked his pants the rest of the way off and came around to the side of the tub to my head. He pulled the

fireman's shorts out of my mouth then lowered his dick and ball-filled brief pouch onto my face until his balls were sitting right over my mouth, separated only by the thin fabric of his shorts. My nose was stuck right between his balls and his buttohole. Without thinking, I took a deep breath, and the smell of the cop's butt and balls made me shudder with pleasure. It was amazing. "Here you go kid," said Chuck. "Now don't you let any of this stuff get on my boots!" and with that he started to piss. I could feel the fabric starting to get damp where it touched my face, then all of a sudden it started to flow. Chuck's piss was spurting out his dick, down over and around his balls, and then through his shorts into my mouth. I had never swallowed piss before, but I was guzzling it down, making sure none of it got away. After what seemed like five minutes, but probably only one, Chuck was done. "OK, boy, I'm done, suck them dry." I did the best I could to get all the yellow wetness out of his shorts. He pulled them away from my face and stuffed the fireman's shorts back in. "You did OK, kid. We'll see how you do sucking cop dick in a few minutes. OK, boys, let him have it!"

And with that the remaining five men moved in, dicks in hand. They came up to the edge of the tub. The two leathermen on one side, the remaining cop and the fireman on the other, and the cowboy facing me. One by one the dicks started to spurt their golden juice until I was being showered from

five directions at once. The fireman aimed his hose right at the briefs that were shoved into my mouth so that his fresh piss mingled with his stale old piss still contained in the shorts. Piss covered my face and dripped into my mouth. The leathermen were soaking down my T-shirt, so it clung to my pecs and stomach, and the cowboy and the other cop seemed intent on giving my jock another dousing. By the time they had finished pissing, I was sitting in three inches of piss. I was also shuddering because I was so overwhelmed and so turned on.

"All right! Look at that piss-soaked boy!" crowed the cowboy. "Let's untie him and get him over to the bed and see how he does at sucking dick." So, they untied me and, with one guy on each arm and leg, they hauled me over to the plastic covered bed. One by one they came up to me and had me get them nice and hard with my mouth. After another hour of sucking dick and sucking face everybody was ready to get off. One of them ripped my piss soaked T-shirt off of me so I was lying in the middle of the bed with just the remains of my jock on. They took positions much like they did at the tub and started pounding their meat. "It's OK, kid, work on your own dick, too. Give us a good show!" I knew that it would only take a matter of seconds once I got my hands on my dick, so I took it real easy. I pulled my jock to one side and worked my aching shaft up and down. The head of my dick started to redden and I knew I was just at the point of shooting. The other guys must have known it too, because all at once six hard dicks erupted above me shooting cum everywhere - in my face, all over my chest, stomach, jock, legs. The hot wads of cum were hitting my body from all directions. I pumped a load that I swear went three feet straight up before it came down and landed on me again.

We were SPENT! The cowboy went off into another part of the loft and got some beers for everybody. The cop who had pissed through his shorts, took them off and wiped up the

remains of seven guy's cum from my body, making me squirm every time he touched me. Even worn-out, my body was still running on high-voltage. The other guys left in a group and the cowboy took me around to another part of the loft where the "real" bathroom was. We both showered and he pulled me into bed with him for a hard-won rest.

I woke up to sun coming in through some window high up in the loft. I looked over in bed, but the cowboy wasn't there. I found my way to the kitchen. The cowboy was there making some coffee. "Figured you'd want some coffee. And there are some clean clothes for you on the table." On the kitchen table were my jeans, all washed, along with a clean T-shirt, jock (not mine), and socks. "I'm keeping your jock as a trophy, that's one of mine, I'm sure you won't mind." Mind, hell, I was starting to get hard again just thinking about putting the cowboy's jock on! "By the way, my name is Jim, I don't think we ever got formally introduced," he said with a grin.

We talked over coffee and I got dressed. I decided I'd better get back to Ted's house, although he probably figured that I'd gotten into exactly the kind of trouble I'd wanted to. As I was heading out the door, Jim handed me a paper bag "Some stuff I think you'll want." He gave me one more of those tonsil-exploring kisses of his and whacked my butt as I walked out the door. I stopped before I got completely out into the street and examined the contents of the bag: There were the fireman's piss-raunched Hanes; the BVD's the cop had used to clean me up with - all stuck together with those seven loads of cum from the night before; a business card with the name Jim Thornton on it-and a brand new yellow hankie.

Hanes32 can be reached at
Hanes32@aol.com

First Timer originally appeared in *Water Boys*, Issue #3.

Copsucker

By ButchWDC

Sir,

Your boy can't stop thinking about Your massive cock, Sir. To see Your nine inch tube slinking along the side of your muscular thighs, pressing against Your tight cop uniform, slowly expanding Your crotch, the length and girth swelling and swelling until I can't help myself, Sir

I crawl on my knees under Your desk like a cock hound, my hands behind my back, my eyes glazed from staring at such a virile display of cock. You spread Your legs and let me crawl right up to my source of happiness. That's right, Sir, I live to service muscular mancock. I start licking and licking Your full crotch until it is so wet I can see every vein of Your big meat pulsing through the stretched, spit soaked fabric. If only I could see it in the flesh!

Your large hand moves down to scratch Your cock...and I start licking every finger, until You force one, two, three, all of Your long thick fingers into my longing mouth. "Whaddya want, boy? Some hot muscle cock? Some hot cop cock? Is that what you want, boy?"

"Yes, Sir. Please Sir. Feed me Your meat, Sir. Let me drink Your cock juice, Sir. Unworthy pig that I am, Sir, please let me be Your personal urinal pissboy, slut, Sir."

"You think you can take every inch of this muscle cop meat, boy? All the way to the base...and my meaty balls, too, boy? If you can, boy, you'll get my juice. . . and you'll be my little muscle slave. But if you can't, and you let one drop of my piss fall from your mouth, you'll get this billy club up your ass and you'll never taste this meat again, understand me, boy?"

"Yes, Sir. Please Sir, feed Your boy, Sir."

"OK, boy, open my fly with your teeth...get to it, boy!"



I lunge for Your crotch, grab the zipper end with my teeth, and pull it down, smelling Your manmusk, delighted to see Your crisp white underwear. I nuzzle my nose in and take a long, strong whiff...I'll never forget Your manly smell, Sir! my tongue slithers in and works its way through the opening of the cotton shorts until I taste it...muscle cop meat! Like a crazed slave boy, I grab Your shorts and try to move them out of the way, but Your cock is so huge, I can't without my hands. Frustrated, I keep on working at it, saliva falling out of my mouth and onto Your cop slacks.

Bam. Your large hands smack my face. "Come on, boy. What's your problem, slave boy?" Another slap. "And look at my slacks, boy. You are going to get it for making this mess, boy!"

"I'm sorry, Sir. It's just that Your cock is so big, Sir, I can't get it out, Sir."

Slap. "Quit Your whining, boy. I thought you were hungry for muscle cock. Now, I'm really gonna give it to you, boy!"

Your hand smacks my face out of the way as a torrential pissload fills your BVDs so fast that they can't absorb it all and the fabric balloons out between Your bull nuts and Your huge cock. You grab me by the ears and stuff my piss hungry mouth down onto the tip of Your fabric-covered cock. "Suck it all out, boy." I start sucking through the fabric, but the piss is coming so fast and hard and I'm sucking in so much air that I start to cough. The piss is dripping off your BVDs, over Your boots and onto the floor.

Bam! Your hands push me by the forehead off Your cock and onto the muddy floor. "Look at the fuckin' mess you've made, boy. Clean it up!" You palm my head with Your enormous cop paw and force me down onto Your glorious boots. "Yes, Sir!" my cock jumps and starts oozing precum as I lick around the soles and up over the toes, looking imploringly at Your face. You reach into your underwear and pull out nine inches of throbbing meat, precum oozing from the helmet tip. my tongue

darts out and licks at the precum...for so long I've waited for this cock...

"Fill me, Sir. Feed Your boy."

Your hands grab the back of my shaved head and force Your mighty meat down deep into my throat. I immediately gag. It is so huge. Smack! "Come on boy, open up that throat. I'm giving you what you wanted, boy. Take it!"

Another thrust and I'm gored...tears flowing from my eyes and phlegm gathers in my throat, coating the largest and thickest cock I've ever seen. My Muscle Master just holds my head still on his throbbing cock...it is in to the hilt and the walls of my throat are working hard to expel this massive tool.

And then You start, thrust after thrust. "Come on boy, take it like a man. Open your fucking throat, pig boy."

You ram it in all the way and pull it out only to thrust it back in again...over and over again. You batter my throat. Your big hairy balls slapping my chin, the piss gurgling inside waiting to spatter my insides.

I start to gag and phlegm flows out of my mouth onto my chest and jeans. I can't take it...it's just too big. But You don't seem to mind. You shove Your man-meat all the way inside again, spearing me with Your rock hard piece. You just laugh as I continue to gag and spew phlegm from my mouth, pumping harder and harder, until I can feel every ropy vein of Your horse cock pulsing on the sides of my battered, bloody throat.

Without warning, You stop while Your cock is buried to the hilt and let loose a powerful stream. Your cock is so monstrous that it just seems to fill me without my having to swallow. It's in so deep that I can't taste the piss, so I pull back and try to support the heft of Your cop pole with my unworthy tongue. It's so heavy and fat that I can't hold it up and swallow all the piss at the same time. Piss starts backing up past my chin and runs down my smooth chest and abs, soaking my jeans.

The heady aroma and taste are driving me crazy, and though I'm swallowing as fast as I can, my jeans are totally soaked and there's a big puddle forming around me.

The flow stops and You start battering my throat with Your cock again. I can feel Your balls tightening on my chin, slowly climbing up until they lay on my spit covered lips, Your pubic hair tickling my nose as You continue to ram Your boy with Your pride and joy.

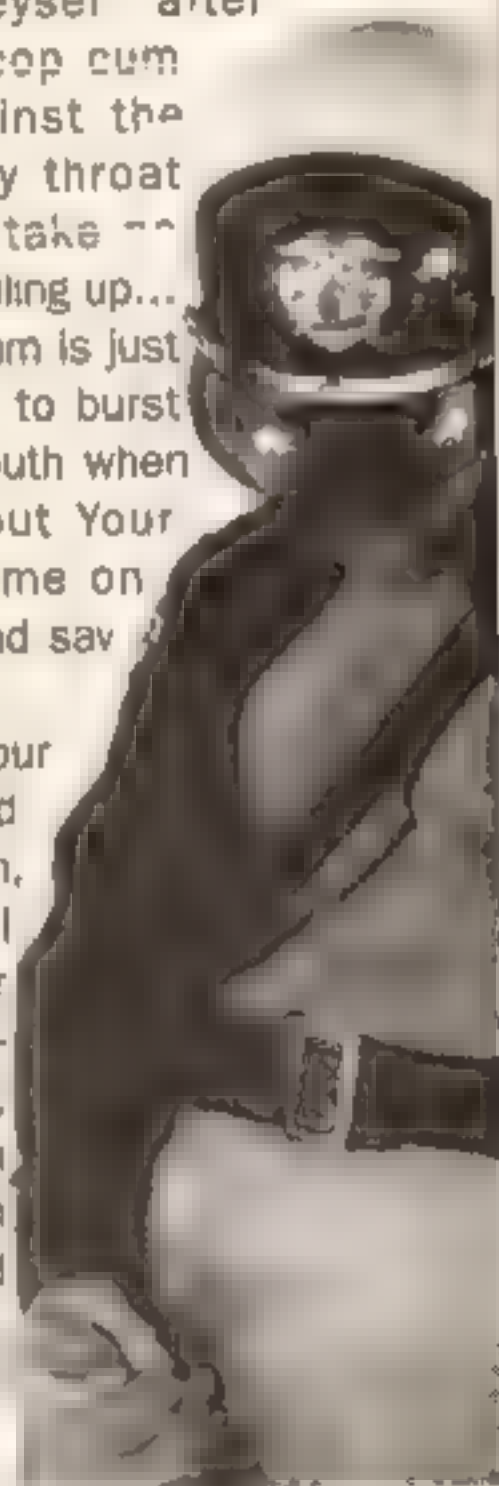
The momentum picks up...I know it's almost time for my Muscle Master to feed me His hot cum and make me His boy. Your cock seems to grow another inch, swelling till I gag even more, until I want to cough it out...and then Your balls constrict....Your pulsing veins burn, as You shoot Your manjuice deep inside of me...geyser after geyser of cop cum splats against the walls of my throat until I can take no more...I'm filling up...sweet cop-cum is just about ready to burst from my mouth when You take out Your cock...pat me on the head and say "Good boy!"

I swish Your cum around in my mouth, smile as I stare at Your still tumescent cock, cast You a devilish wink, and swallow my Muscle Cop Master's load.

"Thank You, Sir!"

"Next time, boy, you will worship my muscular body with your tongue!"

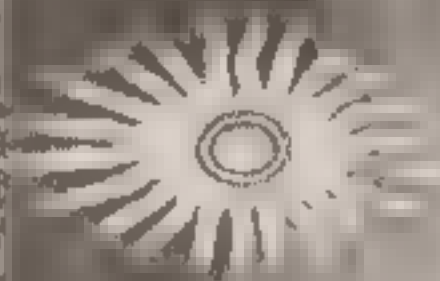
Copsucker originally appeared in Water Boys, Issue #4.



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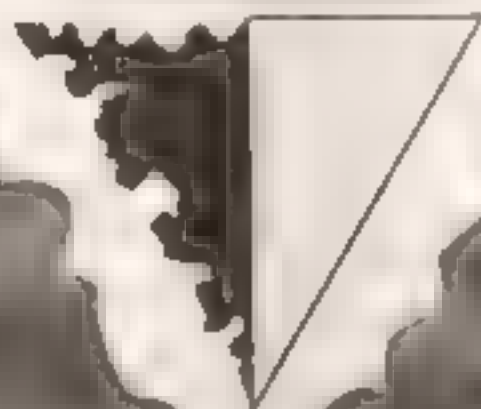
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GET YOURS NOW ON PAGE #84!

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The Recycling Center

By Fledermaus
Photos from the Drummer Archives

Daddy is a committed recycler. Outside our back door is a bank of bins for clear glass, brown glass, aluminum cans, plastic bags, milk jugs, and just about everything the community reprocessing plant will accept. Each week it's my job to package up the recyclables in the prescribed manner and put them in their proper containers curbside for pickup.

Our state also has a deposit requirement on all carbonated beverage containers. So the pop bottles and cans don't go curbside. They have to be taken back to the supermarket. Daddy has turned this trip into a ritual that continues to send cold shivers up my spine. I hate it! I beg him not to make me do it. But it still makes my cock hard. And, most importantly, he enjoys watching my humiliation.

"Pip, the beer cans are starting to overflow. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir," I mumble. I'm on my hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. That floor is always kept immaculately clean, "clean enough to eat off of," Daddy always proudly boasts. He's a real clean freak, and I guess I am too, which is even more of a reason for me to hate the coming chore.

His boot collides with my naked ass and my face nearly goes into the scrub bucket. "Speak up, boy. I can't hear you!"

"Yes SIR!" I say loudly. I know what that means.

"Good, we'll go tomorrow after-



noon. Get things ready."

He always does that, he always tells me at least a day ahead of time so I have time to think about it, to brood, to tie my guts up in knots. That afternoon I sort the deposit containers, cans into one big garbage bag and bottles into another.

When I've finished all of the chores for the day and have done all of the pre-preparation work for dinner, I shower and groom myself as I have been trained to do. As I said, Daddy's a clean freak, and he expects me that way too, at least most of the time.

As I'm trimming my beard, I step back and look at myself in the mirror. It's something I rarely do. I never liked my body and usually avoided

looking at it. But after more than a year with Daddy I'm happy with the changes. I was always thin, I thought of myself as skinny. Now, while I'm still thin, Daddy has made me work out to the point where the muscles under my skin ripple when I move, though hard to see. Convinced by Drummer and everything else I'd ever read that a slave boy should be smooth, I always shaved every hair below my eyelashes. Daddy put a stop to that and my natural fur again covers almost every part of me. Daddy likes it, and now that I've stopped fighting what I had once considered unsightly growth, I like it too. Daddy doesn't even let me shave my face. But I use a clipper to

keep the beard closely-trimmed to a two day stubble.

When Daddy came home from work, I had dinner nearly ready. He settled into his favorite chair and I brought him his before-dinner glass of wine and the day's mail then stood at attention beside him. He called this the Official Inspection. I was wearing what I always wear around the house, even in our well-screened back yard: the chain collar and padlock around my neck; and the stainless steel padlock through the Prince Albert piercing in my cock-head. The cock lock was a first anniversary gift and I treasured it.

Daddy picked up my cock and pulled back the foreskin. He exam-



ned it closely to make certain I had washed it thoroughly. And when he ordered, I turned and spread my ass cheeks so he could examine there. When I again turned to face him he was sniffing the finger he had just pulled from my ass. I knew that if he smelled anything other than the fresh scent of soap I would be punished, and not in a way I liked. He smiled and motioned for me to bend down. I did and opened my mouth. The finger that had been under his nose went into my open mouth checking the smooth surfaces of my teeth. Then continued back into my mouth. The fingers pushed back as far as they could and I licked eagerly at them.

"Good boy," he said switching his

hand to grip my scrotum. "I can remember when you would have gagged your guts out when I was only in to the first knuckle. Maybe tonight I'll let you demonstrate just how talented that throat has become. OK," he said giving my scrotum a quick squeeze just tight enough to send a slight lightning bolt of pain up into my abdomen, "Go finish dinner. I'm starved"

When I finished after-dinner clean-up, I found him in his chair watching the start of a movie. It was some sort of "after the bomb" type thing with hunky men running around in skimpy clothing fighting each other. I saw little of the film. He had changed into his denim robe and he opened it and pulled my face into his crotch. For close to two hours, I knelt before him with his long hard cock rammed all the way down my throat. Occasionally he'd let me up to breathe, and to lick hungrily at him, but then he'd shove me down again, impaling me.

Once he sent me into the kitchen to get him another beer. As I was returning to the room, I saw a young hunk on the screen dressed only in very tight buckskin trousers and a bandanna tied around his neck. Guards armed with whips were making him work in a mine and his body was drenched in sweat and grime.

Daddy pulled my head back into his crotch and this time let me suck and lick and work his cock. I was so intent on worshipping his cock, and in giving him pleasure, I was almost oblivious to the sounds of whips striking flesh coming from the TV set. Daddy's cock erupted and I vacuumed up every drop, not letting any of the precious fluid go to waste.

As our breathing returned to normal, I turned my head and rubbed my stubby cheek against his shrinking manhood. On the TV screen, I saw the image that had triggered his explosion. The guy now hung from his wrists bound high against a huge post. His lean, muscular, hairy torso was now grimmer than ever, as were the buckskin pants, which seemed to

be wet, liquid dripped from his crotch and I wondered if he had pissed his pants. The buckskin was so tight on his thighs I could see every muscle move as he tried to crush one of the guards heads between his knees. He dropped the guard, then the muscles of his torso contracted as he raised his feet high in the air until I could see the soaked and stained buckskin covering his ass. Then his feet went down like a hammer onto the head of the fallen guard.

Later as Daddy lay snoring in bed beside me, I again visualized the bound actor who had so entertained my Master, and wondered why he looked so familiar. Then it dawned on me. He had a lot more hair on the top of his head, and a bit less on his chest and abdomen, but otherwise he looked like ME! I felt a warm glow all over. Daddy was really turned on by guys who looked just like me! Just like ME! Except, of course, the actor had been drenched in sweat and grime and piss. Sweat. Grime. Piss! Then I remembered our schedule for tomorrow. UGH!

After I had cleaned up the breakfast mess, Daddy told me to get the "appropriate outfit."

I pulled the garbage bag from the cabinet in the mud room and Daddy told me to get dressed. First I pulled on the tattered chinos. Once they had been white, Now they were stained with every substance imaginable and must have held two pounds of impregnated dirt and grime. They stunk to high heaven of old piss and beer.

Reluctantly I put them on. One leg ended somewhere just below the knee. The other leg was thoroughly shredded at the knee, but had a tattered cuff that hung down so low I had to roll it up or trip over it. The inside of the left thigh was a gossamer web of material through which my hairy leg was readily visible. I tucked my cock and scrotum into the right leg or they too would have been visible through the rent fabric. As it was, the chinos were so tight my cock



and balls were well defined wherever I put them. The fabric over both ass cheeks was tattered nearly as much as that on my left thigh. The zipper at the fly no longer worked and the gap was held closed with two large safety pins, between which the material gaped, showing large tufts of pubic hair.

The shoes were once white sneakers, now even dirtier than the pants. Silver duct tape held the sole to the upper, but the toes of my right foot protruded through a hole in the shoe. The laces were mismatched, each a different vomitous neon color.

The T-shirt had once been red, but now was a range of faded pale pink to a totally disgusting magenta. If any thing it was dirtier than the pants with slobber like food stains, and bits of slobbered food all over the front and huge sweat marked ovals under each arm. It was also well tattered. The neckline was split down several inches showing a lot of hairy chest, huge holes under each arm let the pit hairs wave in the breeze and the left side of the shirt below the navel didn't exist. I wrapped a faded yellow bandanna as dirty as everything else around my chain collar, concealing it.

After I'd dressed, we went out to the garage where he pulled out the drawer in the potting bench containing bins of potting soil and composted steer manure. "Go ahead!" he ordered.

I gathered up handfuls of the soil and manure and massaged them into all exposed parts of my flesh, from my toes to my arms, hands, neck and face. Even my close cropped hair got a rub of the manure.

Daddy examined me closely. "Very good," he said. "Now for the final touches." He nodded towards a post at the rear of the garage

"Please!" I said, tears starting to form in my eyes

The back of his hand collided with my right cheek and sent me reeling towards the post. I clenched my jaws and backed up against it. He gripped my jaw firmly and shoved my head back against the post. And in spite of his hand holding my jaw, I screamed in pain as his boot heel slammed down on my exposed toes. He let go of my jaw and I breathed deeply and then said "Thank you Sir."

He planted his left hand on my breast bone and shoved me back tightly against the post, then his right hand began to slap my face back and forth. By the time he stopped, my cheeks were bruised, my lips swollen and bleeding where I had bitten into them and my eyes were bloodshot red from the sobbing. He stepped back and looked at me critically. "Perfect!" he said. "No, one more thing."

He unzipped the fly on the three piece suit he was wearing, pulled out his cock and aimed it at my crotch. His piss hit my cock precisely, completely wetting the crotch of the grimy chinos, dribbling down my legs and leaving wet trails down the insides of both pant legs. Enough piss entered the shoes that my feet squished when I walked. "Now it's perfect!" he said climbing behind the wheel of the van.

I got into the side door, sitting on the floor on a carefully positioned plastic tarp

He stopped the first time at the opposite end of the parking lot from the main picnic area in the city park. He just motioned with his head. I knew what I had to do. I took a garbage bag with a few beer cans in it and got out of the van and walked towards the picnic area. I stopped at the first trash drum and sorted through the debris until I found two

Coke cans that I added to my sack. A family at a nearby picnic table stared at me, their lips curling in revulsion. I looked at them and they quickly looked away.

Slowly I worked my way down the row of trash containers, searching through the sandwich wrappers and fried chicken bones to find deposit cans and bottles. Most of the picnickers in the park sneered at me. One man shouted for me to get away from them and waved his fist to emphasize it.

Near the end of the line, two guys sharing a picnic table, both in their mid thirties, came over to the trash can I was searching.

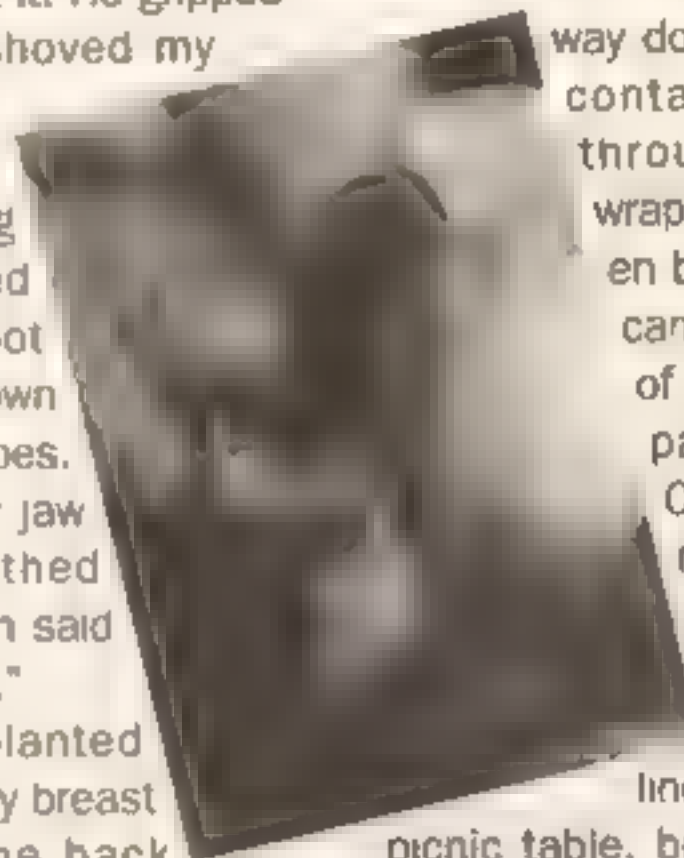
"Hi," the blonde said, "Would you like something to eat?"

I was about to thank them for the offer when an ugly girl of about eleven at the adjacent table began to screech at me. "You stink! You pissed your pants and you STINK!"

I ran to the end of the parking lot and jumped into the van. Daddy was laughing. "You sure as hell do STINK!" he said.

We visited two more picnic areas with similar results, then he dropped me off at one end of the bleachers of the softball diamond. I did my bit through the trash cans then noticed that I was getting even more attention than usual. I noticed the scoreboard and saw that this game was between two factions of a group slightly to the right of the Ku Klux Klan. From the bleachers, and from the field, I started hearing comments ranging up to and including "Kill the bum!" And I don't think these were rhetorical. I saw one big hunk in a tight softball uniform heading for me meaningfully swinging his bat and I turned and ran. I was aware of blue pinstripe passing me but did not stay around to gather details

Daddy walked up to the bat wielder



and said, "Is there a problem here?" His dress, his tone of voice, and most of all his general bearing, demanded attention and respect from nearly everyone. He got it. And by the time they explained the problem to this "official" I was nowhere to be found. Daddy was laughing when he got back into the van. I sat cowering on the tarp.

"What did you think of that, Pip?" he asked.

I hesitated a moment then responded, "Sir, I nearly pissed my pants for real!" He just laughed again and drove on.

Zondhoffen Market is in the heart of the most exclusive residential area in the city. I loaded my bags of bottles and cans into a shopping cart. Just as I was pushing off towards the store, he popped an ammonia inhalant under my nose. Immediately my eyes began to water and I started to sneeze and cough. "Got to it," he said giving me a shove.

Tears were still seeping from my eyes, and I was wiping my dripping nose on my grimy bare arm as I pushed the cart through the automatic doors of the swanky market. Through the blur, I could still see the hairs rise on the back of the manager's neck when he caught sight of me. He dispatched one of the more burly baggers to watch over me as I headed towards the recycling machines.

Two teenage girls were feeding bottles into the bottle machine, so I went to the adjacent can machine and started dumping my sack of cans into the hopper.

"Something stinks!" the girl with black hair said none too

"Yea," said the blonde like somebody pissed his

They both turned to and I blushed enough have shown even the on my cheeks. I turned

them and they started to giggle. The machine digesting my cans jammed and the alarm bell started to sound.

The girls started shrieking in laughter and started taunting me with lines like: "What's the matter piss pants, can't even run the machine. Oh, he's got shit for brains. So damned drunk he doesn't know where to pee." Oh, my GOD! Look what he's got in his pants."

My cock had been hard ever since Daddy had pissed on me. The scent of his piss pervading my body had kept it hard. And the chinos were so tight it was impossible to hide.

The two girls were jumping up and down and screeching in delight, pointing at my crotch. I tried to cover it with my hands and at that instant one of the safety pins gave way.

A stylishly dressed woman approached and demanded, "Tiffany, Angelica, what is going on?" Noting the object of their interest, she turned on me. "Is this creature annoying you?" Then she reached my crotch and shrieked "Sex fiend!" The girls were now laughing so hard they couldn't talk. The woman was carrying a large, and heavy purse and she swung it hard, directly into my crotch.

I gasped in pain and my knees gave way. I sat down hard on the gumy floor, bags of empty beer cans crushing all about me. The jammed machine still screeching.

The burly bagger stepped between the woman and my prostrate form. "Please madam, calm down. I've been here the whole time and he didn't do anything." The girls, still laughing uncontrollably also started to pull her away.

They were nearly to the bend in the corridor when a distinguished looking man in a three piece suit approached and managed to stop laughing long enough to say in a

stern voice. "Madam I witnessed your viscous attack on that pitiful person. You should know that if he decides to pursue assault charges I will be happy to testify on his behalf."

I was still sprawled out on the floor amid the debris when Daddy walked over and put the sole of his wing tips on my still-sore balls. "Good show today, Pip. Now get off your ass and feed in the rest of the cans."

When we got home, I carefully removed all of the clothing and returned it to the storage bag to await the next recycling day. And Daddy got a box out of the fridge.

His recycling fervor doesn't end with the usual things. The bottom of our refrigerator has three large "wine in a box" type containers that have been modified so liquid can be poured back into the plastic liners. Whenever he needs to piss, I hold a hospital style urinal for him to piss into and then empty it into one of the boxes. Whenever I receive permission to piss, I do the same thing. When all three boxes are full we have another kind of recycling day.

But tonight he just took one of the half full boxes and led me down the stairs to the large shower that had been installed adjacent to his playroom. He used heavy canvas restraints to tie me spread-eagle in the center of the room and then began to drench my naked filthy body with our mingled piss from the box. With only the piss, he used a very stiff-bristled brush and scrubbed me from head to toe. Most of the grime was washed away and he rinsed me down with the remainder of the liquid in the box.

Then, with me still spread-eagle in the center of the shower, he stepped behind me and drove his huge but welcomed cock into my ass. His hands kneaded my tits and his teeth gnawed at my shoulders. When Daddy came, I shot my load without the slightest touch to my cock.

I was drained, I was sore, I was humiliated, I was happy!

Recycling Day!

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1. Look for the forwarding symbol, , following the 4 or 5 digit box numbers at the end of each ad.

2. Compose your HOT response letters and seal each of them in envelopes. Indicate the box number of the ads to which you're responding on the back flap of each envelope. The front of the envelopes may include your return address and MUST INCLUDE CORRECT POSTAGE (see item #3 below for postage rates). LEAVE THE 'SEND TO' PORTION OF THE ENVELOPE BLANK (we fill that in).

3. ADD CORRECT POSTAGE TO EACH RESPONSE (Rates are based on mailing FROM U.S.A.):

a. DOMESTIC U.S. requires 32 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

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Note: Letters not properly prepared or posted will be returned to sender at the discretion of INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER Magazine. We will forward responses to ads in back issues; however, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.


4. Put STAMPED, sealed letter(s) and \$1 forwarding fee PER LETTER (FREE for LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS - please tell us your LF number) in a separate mailer and send to: INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390. Letters are addressed here and forwarded within 2 business days.

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Dad, 48yo, 5'7", 152#, BRN/BRN, seeks long term relationship w/masc., bitch, trim, HIV- GWM, 30-45yo. Love to sniff Levis and hole Guys, send photos of your rear in Levi 50's Relocate to the sun. GA, Box 78443, Tucson, AZ 85403, (520) 888-8785 11289 


BEEFY SADISTIC SICILIAN

5'9", 210#, 40's, 7" cut, Hft-seeks stocky, chunky slave into heavy WA, whipping, WS, rimming, TT CBT, humiliation, degradation, booze, smoke, aroma ok. Photo to POB 1141, JHQ Queens, NY 11372 No limits, bearded, balding, hairy, cut, heavy whipping, torture pulses. 9874 


BLACK MASTER WANTED

WM, 34yo, 5'6", 125#, very lean and MUSC, seeks black SM Top. Will travel Washington DC 20344


BLACKMAN AND TOILET SEX

Experienced WM 36yo 5'7" 50# good shape with bubble butt! To meet voracious blackman with similar interests. For example: leather, speedos, briefs, aroma, toys, role play and most freaky scenes, etc. Absolutely no fats, farts, or JO calls (313)527-2965 9876 


BLACKMEN AND TOILET SEX

WM, 34yo, 5'7", 160#, good shape with bubble butt! To meet similar blackmen with interests into hot leather, Speedos, briefs, aromas, toys, role play & most freaky scenes, etc! Absolutely no fats or farts! Call (313) 527-2965. 9876 


X BOOT DISCIPLINE

WM, dominant, demanding, big, mature redneck wants contact with a submissive who is ready for abuse and total control. Outdoor scenes will include weapons, whips, spurs, ropes, cigars, uniforms, bootlicking, discipline, physical and verbal abuse. 5861 

BOXING GLOVES

GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk, hours of humping, sniffing, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 


BOY SEEKS TARZAN

MJSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MJSC, strong, dominant Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger gldg guy Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Shawshen Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803 20343 


DAD SEEKS MUSCLEBOY

Dominant, generous, fit handsome, stable Top (successful professional, 48yo, 5'9", 170#, BRN/BRN, hairy chest - great pecs) wants Muscled boy/man for long term relationship. Provide home + support while you build your body. Must relocate to NC. Bottoms only. This is for real - no games. Apply with photo to 20198


DARK, MUSCULAR TASKMASTER

Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"wa, 16"a. 8 1/2"x5 1/2" cut. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. LL, uniforms, WS, BD, FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You're built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly I add stud. 9993 

DO YOU DREAM OF BEING

Stripped naked and tortured beyond description solely for the pleasure of an audience? Seeking sophisticated exhibitionist / voyeur SM devotees to participate in scenes of elegant decadence involving all kink. TX, LA, CA, NY 3659 

DOMINANT COPS

Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel pass., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 

DROP OUT PERMANENTLY

into the country. Master, 40's, big, w/beard, tattoos, ISO slave willing to move to rural farmhouse. Latex/rubber/leather, BD, hoods, chains, gags, piercing. Total obedience. Short

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GLOSSARY

G	gay
S	straight
Bi	bisexual
M	male
F	female
Cpl	couple
W	white
B	black
L	latino
A	Asian
J	Jewish
Btm	bottom
Slv	slave
yo	years
'/"	feet/inches
#	pounds
cm	centimeters
kg	kilograms
L/L	leather/levi
masc	masculine
musc	Muscular
BB	body builder
VGL	very good looking
UC	uncut
hung	big dick
NS	non-smoker
POB	post office box
ISO	in search of
SKG	seeking
■	sado
■	masochism
■	masturbation
■	bondage/
■	discipline
■	water sports
■	shit
■	fist fucking
■	verbal abuse
■	safe sex
■	electricity
■	cock/ball
■	torture
■	tit torture
■	French (suck)
■	active/passive
■	Greek (fuck)
■	active/passive
■	corporal
■	punishment
■	master/slave

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term trial OK! (423)471 2920 anytime 20323

ENEMA EXTREMIST SEEKS BOY

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV+, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about enema-soapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly asshole enemas. ISO trim (smooth/shaved a+) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENUF No scat. Photo/ir to: POB 53, Georgetown, TX 78627-0053. Call: 512-930-4934 20177

FART IN MY MOUTH

& wipe your ass on my face. Buttflicker, 32yo, 6'0", 165#, BLND, needs heavy humiliation, VA & rouch from dom., MASC, perverted bully. Sit on my face & enjoy a 6-pack, then spray your piss in my mouth till it runs out my nose. Ugly/hairy men are special turn-ons. 20333

FIGHT FOR TOP!

Into wrestling, scrapping or bare-knuckle brawling to see who's Top? Tsiyany, Box 12588, Seattle, WA 98111

FLESHMATE FOR MISSION

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy Gd/kg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIV+, 8" cut, 50yo WM. Can meld with Top or Master/versatile esp. black, slim-trim, religious in mutual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide 20199

GW BEAR

'Stache, mature, caring, experienced guy into mutual ball-play, stretching, gentle-heavy, cuddling-kinky, inch catheters, prostate massage, TT, safe, mutual, top/bottom. POB 563, Brookline, MA 02146 9835

HANDSOME LEATHER PUNISHER

WM, 47yo, 6'2", 220#, BRN/HZL beard/moustache, monly. HIV- ISO beefy-thighed boy (any age) seriously into SM, BD, who will submit his butt and back for punishment and his emotions to a caring protective Master. Respect & loyalty from you gets monogamy from me Texas 20178

HIV+ TOP/DAD ISO GOOD BOY

Virginia Top, hung, uncut, gym-toned axon., 53yo, 5'9", 165#, big place in rural woods, seeks "boy" 1/3 slave, 100% eager, "yes, Sir" bottom. Give loyalty, obedience, tight holes. Get support, stability, training, discipline, attention. 8940

HORSEHUNG 12" VIKING GIANT

Blond, big-footed (size 16), dominant stud, 32yo, 6'9", 275# Ready to settle down and take total ownership of submissive, obedient, cock-sucking, ass-licking, feet-kissing, small endowed ted brother/slave (22-45yo). You can expect a life of total humiliation, intense beating and slapping around, penetration by massive pussy-stretching horsecock, etc. But I am also very loving, caring and protective of my property. 20346

HOT LEATHER SLAVE

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165#, lean, masculine, gelling, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, safe scenes or relationship. Travel often. 5943

I AM A TRUE SADIST

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain I will hurt you but I will never knowingly harm you. POB 7126, Boca Raton, FL 33431 3621

LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND...

Steel to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber Top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, 8" dick. You can expect piercing, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply 9969

LEATHER-CLAD COWBOY

Seeks others for rough & tumble, down & dirty action in the barn, on the range, or behind the chutes. Me: WM, 41yo, 6'0", 180#, hairy, travel IGRA dist. 2. No wimps. Brixwell, 2501 E. Madison #302, Seattle, WA 98112

MASTER SKS MUSC SLAVES

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, bal., clean-cut, sexed, educ sks slaves, 18-35yo, smth, hard, defined. Jocks, Mtl & BB o+. U need Master to guide your life. Will train mexper with superior physique. Live in large S.M.H. house. HIV- only 603-425-6659 weekends. 20190

MUSCLESTUD SLAVE

Wanted by sadistic Big Bear. Heavy physical labor - heavy punishment & torture. Muscles a must. Letter, photo, phone # 20319

NOT A SEX AD -ISO LIFEMATE

Anti-bar GWM, 30yo, 'stache, thin, clean, gdlkg, butch. KM: POB 794, Greensburg, PA 15601. I can relocate, wisely. Send photo.

PUNCHING BAG WANTED

Washboard get / big arms up behind your back / serious punches / your nuts slapped / sweat, spit, your bloody nose / you suck my dick. Send photo/phone: POB 771, Burtonsville, MD 20866

REFORM SCHOOL

Correction and discipline. Strip search axon, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bare buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9196. Box 9049

SATANIC SS NOMMONDANT

Aryan Godmaster son of lucifer provides extreme torment to those scumbags worthy of my efforts. You exist only for my needs. Flogging, caning, branding, electric, modifications on surgical table. Ultimate hrs. Phone/photo to: SSK MRC, POB 340529, Tampa, FL 33694-0529 9811

THE BLACK PANTHER

Playfully lustful, intense GWM, 42yo, 5'7", 170#, muscular, hairy, 7" cut, seeks serious safe-same-firm-in-shape Demigod Black Master for body-mind-soul M/S ownership/dominance

tion/worship. When slave is ready, the Master will be present! 11280

SHAVING: "IT'S A MAN THING"

Man to man by expert with sh razor. Shave head, body, both, tidy up head or body hair, military cuts too. Us alone or group. I love to chat & share videos/photos. Discreet call back. Ed Johnson, (561) 697-6646, or write: POB 2 443, West Palm Beach, FL 33416. 9813

SIR!

Buttflicker begs to serve hot, verbal Leathermaster. Versatile WM, 45yo, 5'6" 135#, muscular nice body. Needs humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will worship cock, ass, feet, body and submit to your control and abuse, Su! 3-ways, travel OK. 8346

SLAVE BOY EXHIBITIONIST

Slave boy loves forced public sex, exposure, kidnapping scenes, BD, WS, CBT, TT, AP, lingerie, garbage, devices, piss post for group, body painting, outdoor BD/SM, video. ISO imaginative Masters, got wild ideas? Try me. An answered. 20148

SUBMISSIVE BOOTLICKER

WM 5'10", 190#, 25yo. This boy is into heavy humiliation and heavy BD: involving infantilism, cigars, chew, torture, CBT, shaving, enemas, toilet training, and dog training with dog food. Boy seeks friends, Daddies, or Masters who like to play rough. 20340

SUGAR DADDY SLAVE WANTED!

32yo Leathermaster-Sadist, musc., masc., 6'1", 180#, BRN/GRN I want slaves or pigs for total ownership. Into kink, BD, shaving FF, WS, groups. Masc. and real man only, not into gay scene/life. Pluses, police, military, BB, hairy, athletics, be, married. No smokers. Pager 800-652-6590. 9867

TITANIC BB BOY WANTED

Truly massive, smooth, hard, hot, submissive, exhibitionist, ripped muscle to serve, grow and show by prof, lean, tight, smooth, boyish BB 5'9", 157#, BRN/GRN, 31yo. Raw, hot sex, BD, TT, CBT, SM, can support sponsor & motivate right boy. Photo/phone 8852

TRUCKER - US & CANADA

38yo, average build, beard, tattoos, pierced & prefer bottom. Love all display esp. fists, toys & slings. Also like TT, VA, BD, WS & other hot man into wild nasty pig sex. 9220

TRUCKER SEEKS SON/SLAVE

Looking for young man for long-term relationship, who is proud to serve a man not ashamed. Must be into shaving and be fit. I am 54yo, 6'2", 210#. Work with me & be part of my family. You, me & 3 dogs. No wannabe need apply. This is for real. Call weekends, (209) 298-6527 20146

TRUCKER'S DELIGHT

Hot male bottom, tight MUSC, smooth body, hard MUSC ass, loves to take GR and give FR to well built trucker. Love to show off my ass, and have it fucked. I love to cum and piss. You must

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be clean, prefer married men, but will consider all. Call: (860) 674-9887 20173 #2

ULTIMATE SLAVE WANTED!
By extraordinary 35yo, 6'0" Master. No novices. You must be ready to have your identity replaced with your love of your Master. If you're serious and ready, send photo/phone to: Sir, POB 3607, N. New Hyde Park, NY 11040

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOUSEBOY/SLAVEBOY/BOYTOY WANTED:
GW, CPL, retired, portly disabled, in late 40's, both HIV- seek boy for sexual and domestic needs. Also to help one of the CPL in working, etc. Boy must be GWM 18-35yo, HIV- only (with proof), no drugs, no alcohol, smoking ok, but no cigars, homebody person, small frame body, bubble butt (firm), hung nice, cut, short hair. Boy must be totally obedient and eager to serve both, discipline, submissive, ownership affectionate, companionship, and into BD, hand-cuffs, jockstraps, L/L, toys and most of all trust worthy and honest. This is a full time, live-in position only. Permanent for right boy. Room and board, no salary or money offered. No hustlers either. Write with photo and detailed letter of why you want this position. To Sirs (Northern California) 9869 #

I KNOW WHAT I LIKE
And that's to give blow jobs to MASC men who are well built w/ hairy chests and facial hair. I like tall and very handsome WMs, 30-40yo who know themselves well and who like to get their dicks sucked. I am not into SM, BD, CBT, etc but would possibly be open to mild titplay, rimming and maybe WS. I am a gdlkg HIV- WM, 24yo, 6'2", 185#, w/long BRN hair and goatee, looking for good times with fun-loving guys. Let's hook up and see what happens. Send letter and photo. SF/Boy Area. 9979 #

MUSC. MASTER/MENTOR
Sbj boy to train, develop & discipline. Very more demanding, well built BB GWM, 40yo, 6'0", 195#, HIV- will work & mold you. Safe, sane, responsible, development BD, SM confinement, discipline & control. Your GWM, 20-30yo.

HIV-, gdlkg, serious, no games. Gd letter, photos, phone a must. Central CA. 9153 #2

PIG/TOILET/DOG/OTHER
GWM 47yo, 5'6", 163#, NS, btm. BRN/BLJ Medlthy HIV+ Bearded, pierced, hairy, JC, affectionate/playful. Needs extensive training into WS, mansmells, booze, heavy rimming/raunch/kink, shaving, nudity, kissing, cigars/cigarettes, groups, humiliation/degradation. 11300

PLEASE SIT ON MY FACE
In-shape WM, 49yo, needs regular sessions with unwashed, dominant man. Will submit to dog/toilet/locker room training and tongue clean funky shorts, jocks, socks. Please write to: Chuck, PO Box 51201, Palo Alto, CA 94303 #

POTENTIAL PORN STAR
Lived all over U.S. but like East Coast. Live with family but ready to move out. Just want a real guy who likes making love, sex, and leather. Will go anywhere for right guy. Serious only reply with photo to: POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541. Must love to leave leather on. 5918 #


SAN FRANCISCO BOY/SLAVE
Are you a Daddy/Master in need of a boy/slave to serve, obey & please you? Can you properly train a boy/slave expanding any limits? Are you strict but loving? I am 33yo, 6'0", PA & pierced nipples. My interests include CBT, TT, BD, spunking, etc. I am eager to serve and make you proud! Photo & phone. 20327 #

SWALLOW MY PRIDE!!
Can you swallow my big uncut dick and big balls at once? GWM, 45yo, 5'8", 165#, BRN/BRN, big hairy chest, HIV+, I love big dicks, so let's play!! San Francisco. 9978 #

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BLACK GYM RAT-TOP
6'0", 160#, 30"w, 42"c, 6% BF, lean, hard, tight. Looking for other athletic well toned buddies for play...sometimes rough Mike, POB 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. E-mail: sthman@aol.com 8442 #

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Jocks, military, bad boys, hardbody slaves. Create a fantasy or live reality. WM, 53yo, 6'0", 200#, experienced Top to work you hard, no limits. Sadistic toys, strenuous restraints, kinky arousal, tightly controlled release. Casual or long term assoc. Phone/Fax: 619-271-1754, Major 3696 ☎

COUPLE SEEKS MASC. TOP

GW couple 1 top, 1 bottom seeks 2nd Masc. top into GR, FR, BD, SM, etc. (818) 244-0886 ☎

HOT WHITE TOP NEEDED

WM bearclub seeks hot WM Top for friendship, play, and/or possible relations. I am 45yo, hot atm, into SM, BD, WS, fit play, levis, boots, leather, etc. Hairy a plus. Relationship possible for right person. If serious, write to: JS, POB 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. 5917 ☎

I GIVE SEVERE WHIPPINGS

Very severe, take it like a man. Your place only POB 1051, Studio City, CA 91614

PUT TO THE QUESTION

Top, GWM, 40yo, asks men for torture fantasies. rock, cross, suspension, heavy restraint, whips, clamps, hot/cold, electric. Sex optional, safe & sane. I also switch. Mitchell, POB 500573, San Diego, CA 92150-0573

YIMLEY MISTERY

Goldkg top, 5'9", 150#, BRN/BLU, w/o, HIV. Seeks human toilet. Jr & plr to Bill 9926

DC METRO

WM BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

Lean, muscular, attractive, hardbody. 46yo, 5'10", 170#, 45" chest, 31" waist, Fr/a, Gr/p, androgynous. Seek lean, nonsmoker, HIV-, Dominant. Whatever use/abuse, whipping, rules, attire required. I relate to Story of Q, 9 1/2 Weeks, Beauty's Punishment. JW, POB 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20749 9838 ☎

FLORIDA

BEEFY ABUSIVE STRAIGHT JOCK

Feeds filth, fist, humiliation to grateful deserving pigs. Jack is built, handsome, commanding and aggressive. I will use you for what you are and what I want. No relationships. Only submissive obedient pigs need call. (305)277-5117. 20335 ☎

LEATHER DADDY WANTS BOY

Leather Daddy, 46yo, demanding, strict, loving, affectionate, is searching for his lost boy. Boy is 20-35yo, submissive, playful, loving, obedient, into leather, BD, SM, WS, and being in his Daddy's arms. Daddy is waiting for you, boy. Miami. 11282 ☎

DEED LOOKING

44yo, BiWM, salt & pepper hair, 5'11", 175#, tan and fit. Would like to meet other adult males for B&D and other games for mutual fun and pleasure. Broward or Palm Beach counties. Must include pix and EZ way to contact or no reply 20147 ☎

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (904) 388-2421 Jacksonville, FL 3556 ☎

MATURE BOTTOM

WM, 62yo, 5'8", 140#, in-shape, 39" chest, 32" waist, 7" cut, smooth swimmer's body. head and torso entirely clean shaven, dancer, educated, submissive, craves strict top or master to obey, serve, and pleasure. POB 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468 3693

PISS BUDDY SOUGHT

by goodlooking, bearded Daddy, young fitness slim & fit. Seeks same for mutual touch into WS, pits, mansmells, acting ass, and more. Leave US Letter with photo gets reply. A. Romniuker, PO Box 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236 88339 ☎

WANT TO SERVE AND SERVICE

You from head to foot. Top must be MASC aggressive, 25-56yo, HIV-. No lots or lems. He 158#, 49yo, 5'9", shaved head, VA, WS tongue baths, humiliation, cock/cumpli/feet sucking. Letter with pix gets reply. Angelo, POB 398062 Miami Beach, FL 33239-8062 Serious Only. 20338 ☎

HAWAII

ARE YOU NEW TO THE SCENE?

Master provides SM, BD training and instruction for novice bottoms/slaves. Safe, sane, consensual. Limits respected. 20315 ☎

ILLINOIS

HORNY TOPMEN WANTED

Incl Non-white topmen, to fuck the hungry holes of this 6', 220# 38yo GWM. SS, enjoys daddos and being fisted. Visitors OK. Need training in BD, SM. Write to John, 3023 N. Clark Street, Suite 289, Chicago, IL 60657 E-mail: bot-tom4u3@aol.com 3533 ☎

WANTED: HOT 40ISH CUT,

dominant Daddy to spread my round, smooth tanned butt cheeks and tongue lube my tight shaved hole, of course leading to the main event of playing my chute and shooting your load (312)878-1278 anytime 20316 ☎

KANSAS

SLAVEBOY/HOUSEBOY NEEDED NOW

Are you young, hard, and ready to serve? Will worship cock/ass/body. Into spanking, waxing, 3ways. Will help out in movie. Send photo & let her, boy! 20336 ☎

MAINE

WOODSHED STYLE PADDINGS

Long, hard, bare-ass paddlings/strappings Top/bottom, friendship/relationship oriented. Dave, POB 2004, Bangor, ME 04402 (207) 947-2329 No JO calls/phone sex. 8892 ☎

MARYLAND

MUTUAL: RAUNCH & KINK = PIGS

GWM, hairy, 35yo, 6'3", 220#, BLND/BRN beard/moustache, 8 1/2" uncut, HIV-. Rimming, FF, WS, L/L, JO, FR/GR/a/p, wrestling, scat. ISO GWM, 21-60 for all or some acts listed. Send nude photo/phone to: Carl Bosman, POB 124, Churchville, MD 21028. Serious Only

MASSACHUSETTS

BUTTHOLE SPECIALIST

Hot FF top/vees, 47yo, 5'11", 160#, muscular, masculine, 20 years experience, mod. erotic hands. Considered a Master with a first timer/novice. Comfortable, safe, clean setup with stirrups, daucha, rnsseat. Cord: (617) 267-5629 Boston. Cord E-mail: cork@world.std.com 3614 ☎

THE BUTTHOLE MAS THER

28yo, GWM, very submissive pig bottom, 5'9", 150#, w/light pussy deep throat, into cock worship, BD, groups, toys, party, very open. I like truckers, construction workers, masc., musc., moustache & hung A+. Bi-masted OK. Mike (617) 325-6410, leave message 20149 ☎

MICHIGAN

MUTUAL CBT/TT/GENITAL KINK

Handsome HIV- WM, 31yo, ISO same 18-36yo for safe, sane, respectful & mutual kink. Special interests: cock whipping/BD, vacuum pumps,

hot wax, electricity, sounds, catheters. My dick is hungry to be fucked by one who knows the techniques. Let's probe together! Photo please 3680 ☎

WANTED - MASTERS - ROUGH & TOUGH

Truckers, construction men, pipeline men or rough men. Come take me as slave with them. Men who tight jeans, leather, SM, BD, heavy sex! Only serious who can do it. Call 616-684-5673. Or write: Brad Jackson, 401-Pokagon Street, Niles, MI 49120

MISSISSIPPI

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Harold's a bold, bearded, booted engineer who lives in man-hugging leathers and out-hugging jocks. Enjoy muddy watersports in heavy harnesses rubbersuits, hoods. Our hot groins and steamy gropes may lead to deeper male bonding! Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Biloxi, MS 39534 88472 ☎

NEW JERSEY

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

32yo Master in Phila/S. N. area ISO 18-28yo slave(s) for acc. fun or perm ownership. Exp or novice welcome. You will exp. BD, SM, torture & humiliation. Lkg for cute, boyish, basically in-shape boys with few/no limits, who know how to take orders & what happens when they misbehave! For consideration, send photo

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NEW YORK

ARE YOU TICKLISH?

Dominant, educated, HIV- GWM, 56yo, 5'10", 95# seeks intelligent, ticklish, HIV- GWM, 21-55yo for tickling, spanking, other light, safe, consensual kink. Hugs, kisses, cuddling, massage. Dating, relationship possible. No drugs. POB 462, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 10156-0462 9084 ☞

BARE BOTTOM SPANKING

GWM-37yo, 5'6", 155# Guys 18-45, tickle me over your knee, then blister my naughty peach-fuzz bare bottom till it burns & blushes. I spank too. Reply to Bob Newhouse at 10 Plaza St E #7C, Brooklyn, NY 11238, or call (718) 398-4811 ☞

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON

6'1", 195#, 41yo, blond, goodlooking air-foot-ball player. Seeks slave-obedient, with nice, big, smooth ass, 18-29yo. Write to Duke: POB 20004, LD-TERR-STATION, NY, NY 10011. Son or stepson considered as well. 11286

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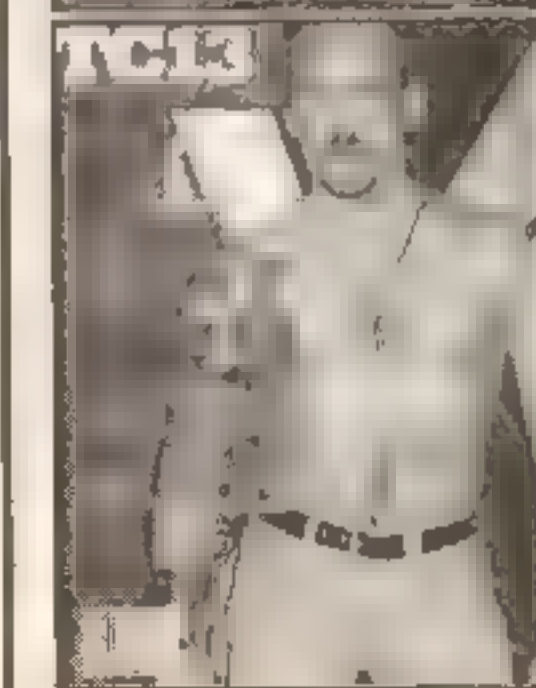
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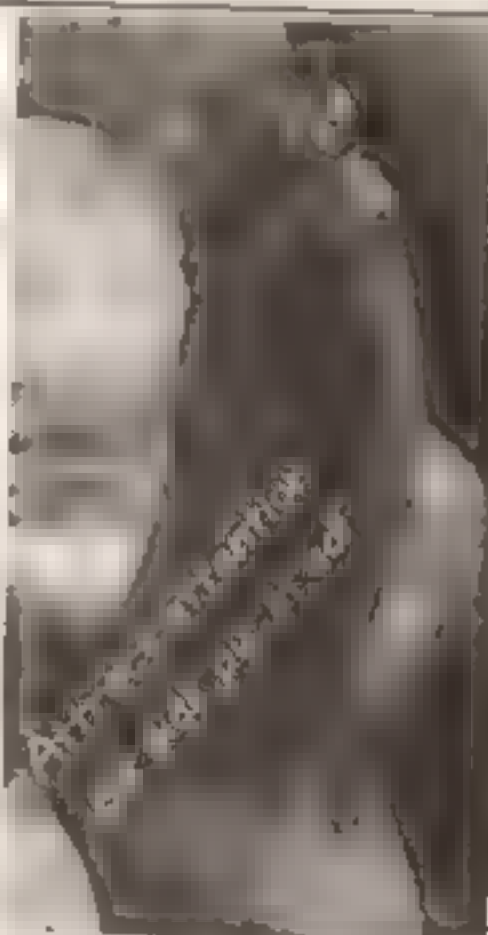
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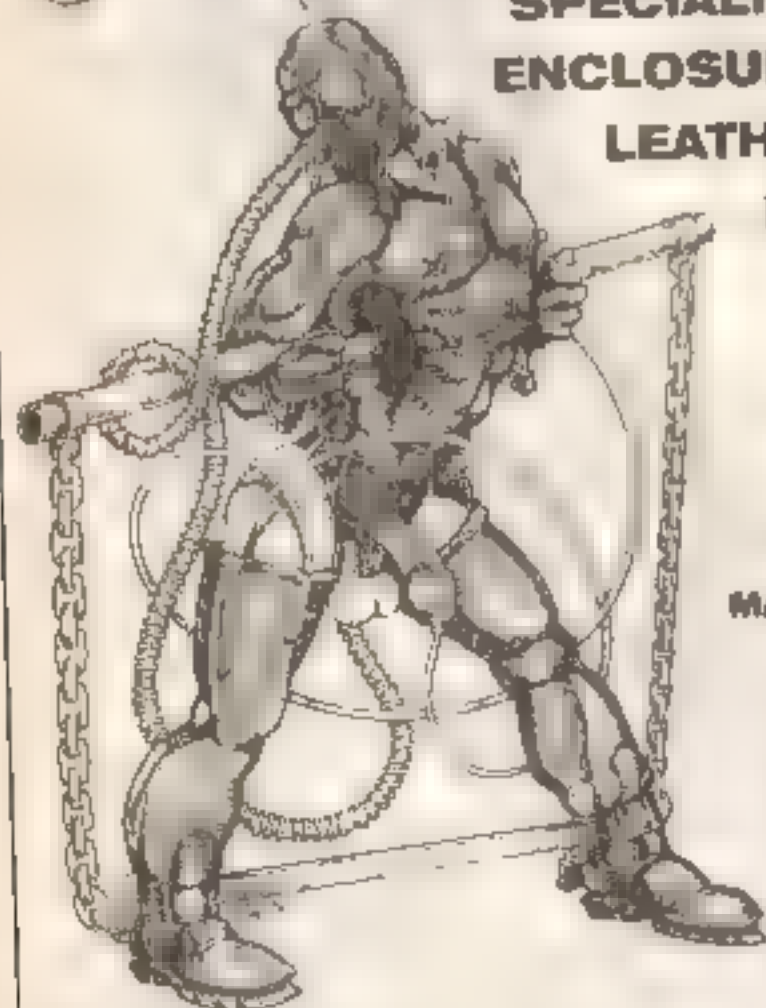
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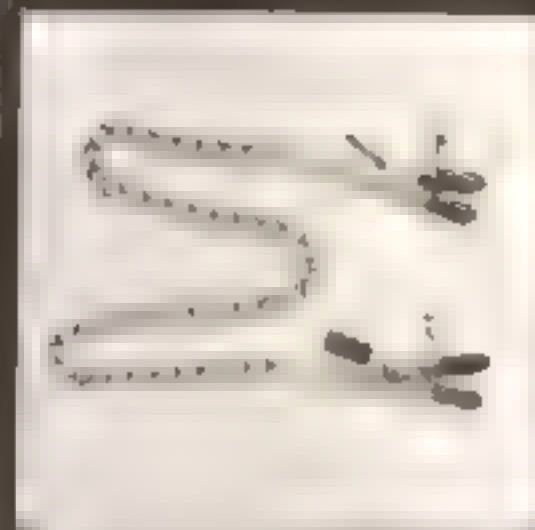
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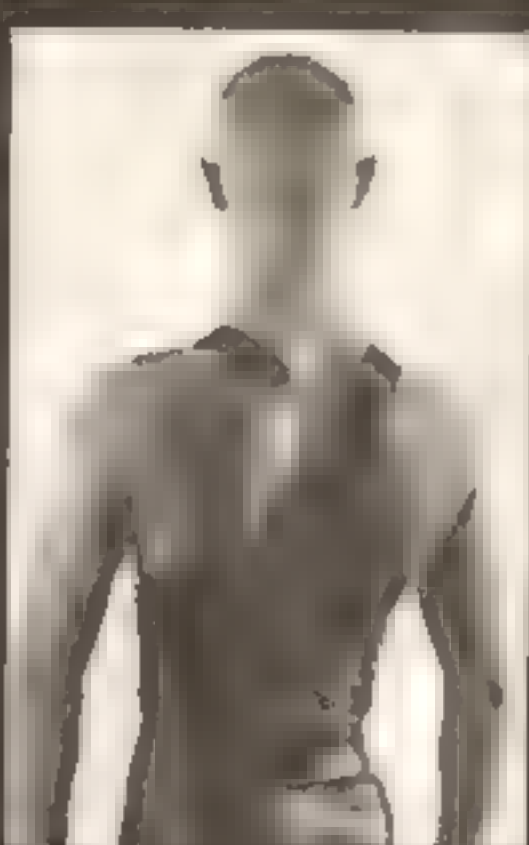
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V158

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V112 Captive Men 5	79 95
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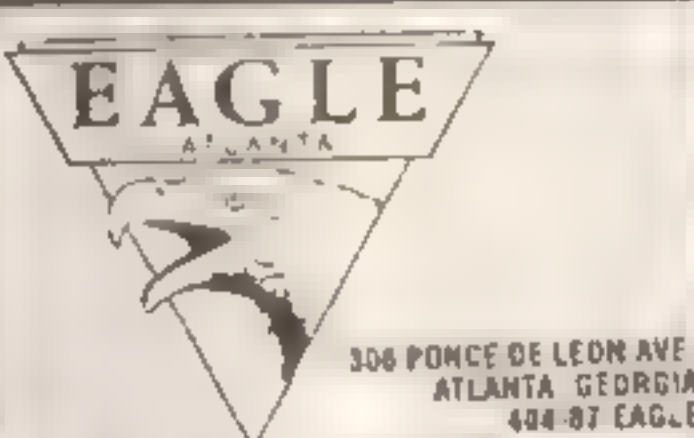
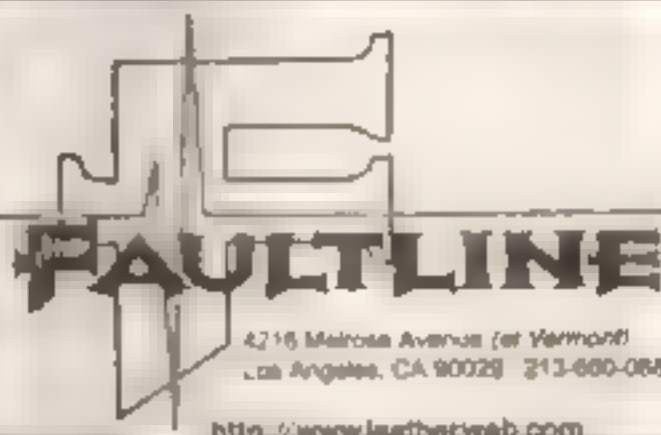
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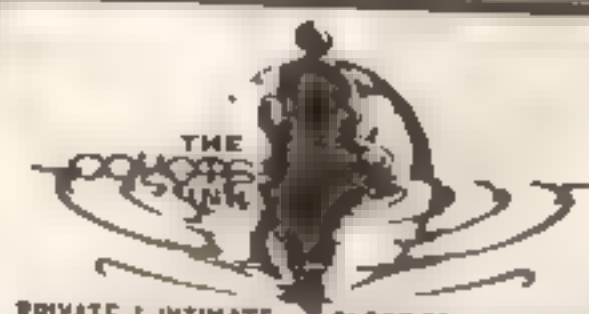
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November

1 Arena Dinner

Arena 17 00h, Amsterdam

1 Beer Bust

PS/100 Palm Springs CA

1 Biker Leather Meeting

MSC Belgium, Duquesnoy, Le
Duquesnoy 12 Brussels,
Belgium

1 Club Night

A-Mens Club Box 370 DK
8100 Aarhus C, Denmark

1 Club Night

Onyx Limits, Seattle WA

1 IMC Special Party

Illeg. Moto Club, Company
Club Via Benadir NO 14
Milano, Italy

1 Jack Off

Stabimaster Warmoesstraat
23 Amsterdam, Holland

1 Leather Bikers

M. R. De Smet
S. Lindendreef 137
Rotterdam, Holland

1 Leather Market

All day Amsterdam

1 MR. DRUMMER

EUROPE CONTEST
Info +3 20 6 9 3023
Arund. s Gravesendesant
51 Amsterdam, Holland

1 Perversion

A night for the real pervert,
The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street,
London, England

1 Winner's Ball

Arena, s Gravesendesant
51 Amsterdam, Holland

1-2 Golden Shower

Weekend-
Rubber X-treme
The Boots, Van Aersdstraat 22
Antwerp, Belgium

1-3 Reality Weekend

N.Y. Renegades, NYC NY

2 Arena Dinner

Arena 9 00h Amsterdam

2 Autumn Party

S.M. Copenhagen,
Studiestræde 14,
Copenhagen, Denmark

2 Bear Beer/Soda

Bust Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

2 Beer Bust

Defenders, San Francisco, CA

2 Chinese Shadows

Les Cinémas de Québec
Québec City, Canada

2 Club Night

At The Eagle

B.A. Deat Baltimore, MD
2 European Rubbermanclub
Club Spinderhannes, Swolmer-

straat 42 Roermond, Holland

2 Jack Off

Stabimaster Warmoesstraat
23 Amsterdam, Holland

2 Pigs in Paradise

Party

Arena, 22 20h Amsterdam

2 Rubber Party

vogevuur +31 40 44 27
44 Hemelijken 18
Eindhoven, Holland

2 Halloween

S.M. Stockholm Wallmar
Yckulsg 18 Stockholm Swe-
den

2 Jack Off Party

Stabimaster 21 00h
Amsterdam, Holland

2 Leather Market

All day, Amsterdam

2 One Day Ride

Constantines, San Francisco, CA

2 Things That Go

Bump In The Night

Tokyo Tourists Club

of America Seattle WA

2 Underwear Party

The Web, S.M. Jacobstraat 6,
Amsterdam, Holland

2 Vulcan Night

Rubber Party The Arvil, 88
Tooley Street London, England

3 After Hour

Cocking, 04 00h,
Amsterdam

3 Amsterdam Leather

Pride Closing Party

Cate West-vind Amsterdam,
Holland

3 Beerbust

Zipp, s, Mahe Platte 15
50676 Köln/Cologne,
Germany

3 Biker

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street,
London, England

3 Biker Meeting

MsAmsterdam, Cate West-
vind de Ruyterkade 110
Amsterdam, Holland

3 Castigation-

Spanking Club

Club Indiques 5 00h
Amsterdam

3 Cigarmen UK

Meeting

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street
London, England

3 Club Meeting

Leder Club Nord-West Bremen
Bahnenstraße 8 28253
Bremen, Germany

3 Country & Western

Square Dancing, Brompton's,
294 Old Brompton Road,
London, England

3 Cruise In The Dark

Attitude, at the Trafalgar
Junction at Trafalgar Ave and
Sumner Rd, Peckham,
London, England

3 Cruising Behind

Closed Doors

Afternoon Sex Party for all
Fetishists, Start @ 5 00h,

Central Station, 37 Wharfedale
Road, King's Cross, London,
England

3 Educational SM

GLSM Info +44 40 31 35
40 From & Open Echtholz
56 Hamburg, Germany

3 Fall Field Meet

Constantines, San Francisco, CA

3 Halloween Party

The Web, St Jacobstraat 6,
Amsterdam, Holland

3 Leather Sauna

Thermos Amsterdam

3 Macho Time

M&S Connexion Angelstraße
33 68199 Mannheim,
Germany

3 Meeting

South Sound Leatherfolk
Olympia, WA

3 Minnesota Festival

Of Leather Contest:
Ms. Minnesota
Leather & Mr. and
Ms. Twin Cities
Leather

Leathermen Of Minnesota
Minneapolis, MN

3 Real SM Party

W.M. George Outwards
Armstrong 7 Amsterdam,
Holland

3 Seattle First Sunday

Ride

Border Riders MC Seattle
WA

3 Skin 4 Skin At The

Barracks

Skinhead Sex Party, Start at
21 00h, Central Station, 37
Wharfedale Road, King's Cross,
London, England

3 SM Party

The Bicy, Info +3 20 42
02 117, Ripswikseweg 536,
Den Haag, Holland

3 SM Party

Hend, Molenstraat 22
Enschede 16-76 USA,
Postfach 290341 50525,
Köln, Germany

3 Spanking With CLEF

Keller's, 14 rue Keller, Paris,
France

3 Special Club Night

Of The MSA

Cate West-vind, 20 00h
Amsterdam

3 Youngsters SM

Party

De Schaw +31 55 333
249 Spodeigen 8,
Apeldoorn, Holland

4 Black Monday

Zwischenstuden s Olden-
burg, Germany

4 Bunker II

Club 80, 80 Earts Court
Road London, England

4 Deviation

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street,
London, England

4 Fetish In The Dark

Silk 95, Hopgood Street,
London, England

4 Leather Meeting

JEFF Gorn, Steierstraße
83 Essen, Germany

4 Meeting And Social

New Adult Workers, Key
West, FL

4 Military Men

1 Avenue SC quai de Hôtel
de Ville Paris, France

4 SM

The Back, 5 Parkfield Street
London, England

5 Melbourne Cup

Beer Bust

Melbourne Leather Men,
Melbourne, Australia

5 Night Manouvers

Junior Party The Arvil, 88
Tooley Street London, England

5 Rope Bondage

R.A. Jones, Dallas, TX

5 Safer Sex Party

Bonnie Club 23 Kande
Rassemblement 75008 Paris,
France

5 Skin 4 Skin At The

Barracks

Skinhead Sex Party, Start at
21 00h, Central Station, 37
Wharfedale Road, King's Cross,
London, England

5 Skinheads Only

Silk 95, Hopgood Street
Shepherd's Bush, London,
England

6 Biker

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street
London, England

6 Biker Meeting

Subex Leathers, The
Mansborough 4 Princess
Street Brighton, England

6 DC Eagle Bar Night

Sigma Di Logo
Washington DC

6 Fire Men

1 Avenue SC quai de Hôtel
de Ville Paris, France

6 Leather, Uniform,

Rubber Party

Silk 95, Hopgood Street
Shepherd's Bush, London,
England

6 Lotteries

Arms Warmoesstraat 95 /
The Arvil, St Jacobstraat 5
Amsterdam, Holland

7 Fetish Night

Arrived at the Instatant
Junction of Trafalgar Ave and
Sumner Rd, Peckham,
London, England

7 Hot Jocks

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street
London, England

7 Manstink

Central Station, 37 Wharfedale
Road, King's Cross, London,
England

7 RCDC Meeting And

Workshop

Rose City Discussion Club
Portland, OR

7 Skinheads Only

Silk 95, Hopgood Street,
Shepherd's Bush, London,
England

8 Beer Bust

Golden Gate Guards,
San Francisco, CA

8 Red Hanky Social

Casade Handballers, Seattle,
WA

8 Meet And Greet For

Seattle Leather

Ambassador Contest

Seattle, WA

8 Men & Boy

GLSM, Eichholz 56, Hamburg,
Germany

8 Sadie Masie Club

Club 80, 180 Earts Court
Road, London, England

8 Uniform Party

Iron Detroit Detroit MI

8-9 Black Leather &

Black Rubber

Weekend

The Boots, Van Aersdstraat 22,
Antwerp, Belgium

8-10 17th Anniversary

Party

Costaway's MC Milwaukee
WI

8-10 Boot

Camping 8

1 Miland Baltimore MD
8-10 From An Weekend
Tom Of Fwaid Los Angeles,
CA

8-10 Mr. Maryland

Leather Contest

Baltimore MD

8-10 Southbay

Leatherfest

San Jose CA

8-10 Sternchenparty

International Leather Meeting,
UM Dusseldorf Postfach 102
005, D-40011 Dusseldorf,
Germany

8-10 Texas Gay Rodeo

IGRA Dallas TX

9 Bar Night

Mansmore Wilmington, NC

9 Bear Beer Bust

BC Bears, Vancouver BC

9 Beer Bust

Bear Paws, Des Moines, IA

9 Biker Party

East Maine MSC, Leicester
Place 24 Orville Street,
Leicester, England

9 Black Leather Night

Enigle, Mozartstraße 5,
Stuttgart, Germany

9 Day Ride

Motorcyclen Of NM,
Albuquerque NM

9 Fetish Night

Betty Page Socks Club,
Vancouver BC

9 Golden Shower

vogevuur, Hemelijken 18,
Eindhoven, Holland

9 Hot & Heavy

The Arvil, 88 Tooley Street
London, England

9 Jack Off

Stabimaster, Warmoesstraat
23 Amsterdam, Holland

9 Pansexual Leather

Contest

General Leather Productions,
Seattle, WA

9 Seattle Leather

Ambassador Contest

General Leather Productions of
Washington, Seattle, WA

9 Washington State

Ms. Leather Contest

General Leather Productions of
WA

9-10 Annual

Overnight Run

CLEF

Keller's, 14 rue Keller, Paris, France

10 Turkey Shoot

Battalion's MC, Target shooting for turkey prizes @ rifle range, Dallas, TX

11 Bunker II

Club 180, 180 Ears Court Road, London, England

11 Deviation

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

11 Fetish In The Dark

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

11 Military Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

12 Chaps Night

Brompton's, 194 Old Brompton Road, London, England

12 Leather Party

COC, Doornroosje, Groenewoudseweg 322, Nijmegen, Holland

12 Meeting

Inter-Club Fund, San Francisco, CA

12 Night Manouvers

Uniform Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

12 Minn Night

Renegade Bears, Seattle, WA

12 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks

Skinhead Sex Party, Start at 21.00h, Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

12 Skinheads Only

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

12 SM Night

Smart Rhein-Ruhr, Discothek Unit, Langendreer, Alte Bahnhofstraße 121-123, Bochum, Germany

13 Biker

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

13 Class: SM On A Budget

Atlanta SM Solidarity, Atlanta, GA

13 Fire Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

13 Leather Market

Market Tavern, 1 Nine Elms Lane, London, England

13 Leather Swap Meet

AVATAR, Los Angeles, CA

13 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

13 Lotteries

Argas, Warmoesstraat 95 / The Web, St. Jacobsstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

13 SM Show

G-Force, Oudezijds Armsteeg 7, Amsterdam, Holland

13 Uniform Night

London Blues, Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

14 Business Meeting

Defenders, San Francisco, CA

14 Fetish Night

Attitude, at the Trafalgar, Junction of Trafalgar Ave. and Summer Rd., Peckham, London, England

14 Glory Hole

Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

14 Hot Jocks

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

14 Skinheads Only

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

15 Beer Bust

Knights Of Malta, San Francisco, CA

15 Biker Meeting

MSC Rurals, Vogevoor, Hemelrijken 18, Eindhoven, Holland

15 Club Night

A-Men's Club, Box 370, DK-8100 Arhus C, Denmark

15 Construction

Worker Night, Centurions Of Columbus, Columbus, OH

15 Leather Party

COC, Doornroosje, Groenewoudseweg 322, Nijmegen, Holland

15 Perversion

A night for the real pervert, The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

15 Pigs In Paradise

Why Not, Tiefer Graben 22, Wien—Info: LMC Vienna, Postfach 24, A-1032 Wien, Austria

15 Uniform Party

Chaps, Wollmannstraße 24, Hamburg, Germany

15-16 SM Piercing Weekend

SUM Stockholm, Wollmar Yskullsg 18, Stockholm, Sweden

15-17 LeatherFest

Los Angeles, LeatherFest LA, Los Angeles, CA

16 10th Anniversary

Golden Gate Guards, San Francisco, CA

16 Bear Potluck

Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

16 Biker Meeting

Panther Köln, Station, Alter Markt 4-6, 50667 Köln/Cologne, Germany

16 Biker Night

Black Angels Köln, Bar Sjn-derhannes, Swabnerstraße 42, Roermond, Holland

16 Bull

Big men & admirers, Club 180, 180 Ears Court Road, London, England

16 Club Trash

Hard Fetish Club, Oostelijke Handelskade 21, Amsterdam, Holland

16 Fist Fuck Night

SLM Copenhagen, Studierhede 14, Copenhagen, Denmark

16 Hot & Heavy

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

16 Jack Off

Stablemaster, Warmoesstraat 23, Amsterdam, Holland

16 A "Lure Party"

Melbourne Leather Men, Melbourne, Australia

16 Männerfabrik

Alhambra, Heermannstraße 83, Oldenburg, Germany

16 Rubber Party With MEC

QG, 12 rue Simon Le Franc, Paris, France

16 Special

A-Men's Club, Box 370, DK-8100, Arhus C, Denmark

16 Uniform Party

Vogevoor, Hemelrijken 18, Eindhoven, Holland

16 Warriors Revenge

tribalRHYTHMS, The Midway, 130 Balls Pond Road, Islington, N1, London

17 Bear Beer/

Soda Bust, Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

17 Bear Bust

Pacific Bears, San Francisco, CA

17 Biker

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

17 Biker Meeting

MSR, DeBak, Schiedamsvest 146, Rotterdam, Holland

17 Cigarmen UK

Meeting, The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

17 Country & Western

Square Dancing, Brompton's, 294 Old Brompton Road, London, England

17 Country & Western

Square Dancing, Brompton's, 294 Old Brompton Road, London, England

17 Get Lost SM Party

Club Jacques (Info: +31 20 420 2177), Warmoesstraat 146, Amsterdam, Holland

17 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks

Skinhead Sex Party, Start at 21.00h, Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

17 Skin City

Strict Skinheads Only Party, Start at 15.00h, Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road,



King's Cross, London, England

17 SM Flee Market

Keller's, 14 rue Keller, Paris, France

17 SM Party

Vogevoor (+31 40 44 27 44), Hemelrijken 18, Eindhoven, Holland

18 Black Monday

Zwitscherstüben 5, Oldenburg, Germany

18 Bunker II

Club 180, 180 Ears Court Road, London, England

18 Deviation

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

18 Fetish In The Dark

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

18 Leather Meeting

LFRR, Go-In, Steelerstraße 83, Essen, Germany

18 Meeting

HSWG, Seattle, WA

18 Military Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

19 Night Manouvers

Uniform Party, The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

19 Skin 4 Skin At The Barracks

Skinhead Sex Party, Start at 21.00h, Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

20 Biker

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

20 Fire Men

L'Arène, 80 quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris, France

20 Leather, Uniform, Rubber Party

Silks 95, Hoppood Street, Shepherd's Bush, London, England

20 Lotteries

Argas, Warmoesstraat 95 / The Web, St. Jacobsstraat 5, Amsterdam, Holland

20 Play Party

GLSM, Eichholz 56, Hamburg, Germany

20 SM Gays

Educational SM - Club 180,

180 Ears Court Road, Ears Court, London, England

20 SM Brabant

Vogevoor (+31 40 44 27 44), Hemelrijken 18, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Beer Bust

Constantines, San Francisco, CA

21 Business Meeting

Defenders, Washington, DC

21 Club Night

BC Bears MC, Binghamton, NY

21 Fetish Night

Attitude, at the Trafalgar, Junction of Trafalgar Ave. and Summer Rd., Peckham, London, England

21 Hot Jocks

The Anvil, 88 Tooley Street, London, England

21 Locker Room

Central Station, 37 Wharfedale Road, King's Cross, London, England

21 Meeting

The Forum, San Francisco, CA

The Piss Tap

It's On And Flowing Strong

BY DAN GUIDA

If you utter the old slur, "Piss on you!" in a gay bar these days, chances are you'll get a response like, "OK. Your place or mine?"

Within the last year, there has been a major resurgence of interest in watersports (WS for short). Once the exclusive domain of the leather/Levi crowd, even the sweater set is engaging in the various forms of piss-play, which include golden showers, piss drinking, piss enemas and catheterization. Bathtubs are finding their way back into sex clubs, piss clubs are forming, piss sites are springing up on the Internet, wet beer busts and play parties are a staple in large cities, a gay watersports magazine is thriving, and there is a 24-hour, 7-day Internet relay chat channel devoted exclusively to piss.

The seemingly sudden interest in watersports may be attributed to several factors. First, the HIV transmission issues have been favorably resolved. The era of "safer sex" has increased our community's need and desire to re-sensualize sex. Piss and the relief one gets from the physical activity are innately erotic on many levels of consciousness. Piss is readily available and one's watersports activities can be varied from a simple stream of piss on a partner's leg in a shower to drinking it directly from the source in a dark alley.

In the early days of the AIDS epidemic, it was widely believed that there was a correlation between watersports activity and "the gay cancer." Though the medical establishment has not funded a formal study, it is now known that piss-play is relatively safe. Based on existing information, HIV cannot be transmitted in urine, although the various hepatitis viruses, CMV and drugs that are not inactivated by the liver (including speed) can be passed in an

active form in urine.

Sex is inarguably a sensual act and is experienced, at minimum, via the five senses. Latex barriers thwart our ability to feel, taste, and to some extent, smell sex, thereby substantially diminishing our enjoyment. Weary of the sensual deprivation caused by latex barriers, players are now using piss as a safe way to re-sensualize sex by establishing direct, wet, skin-to-skin contact, sharing an intimate, natural taste and exchanging personal, natural, primal body smells. Players who are into raunch "season" their jockstraps and underwear over a period of years with hundreds of their own and their partners' piss and cum loads. They later use these "seasoned" garments during sex to excite the senses and re-ignite memories of past play sessions.

Creativity and an inherent desire for new and varied experiences are two more reasons why piss is enjoying such a big comeback. Bored after years of repetitive, garden variety, vanilla sex, we naturally seek new modes of sexual expression and enjoyment, and piss is both readily

available and free of charge. Piss is also appealing to many who fancy themselves sexual outlaws because leather, once the domain of the outsider, is becoming increasingly mainstream acceptable.

It is often argued that watersports is the ultimate act of sexual exchange between forces whose center of concentration is the phallus. As such, watersports is often experienced as a very intimate sharing and a deeply spiritual experience. Conversely, many choose to play on contemporary societal proscriptions against this "dirty" bodily fluid by using it as a humiliation tool in SM scenes.

Regardless of why, piss has arrived as a visible component of the sexual landscape and is likely to continue to grow in both popularity and acceptance. It's fun, free and safe. So why fight the tide? Jump in. The water's warm.

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